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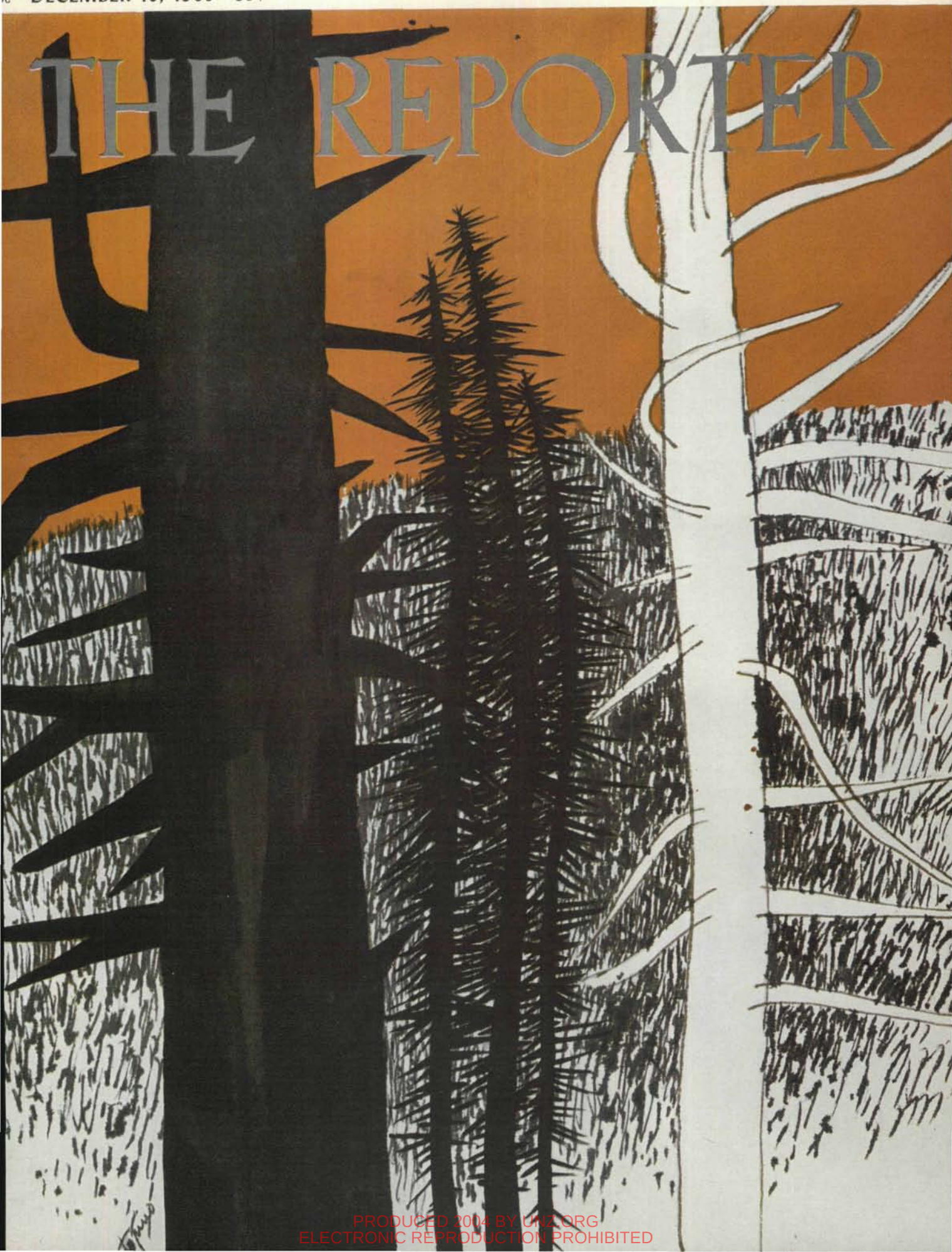

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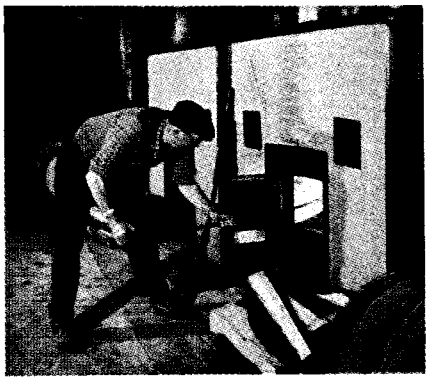

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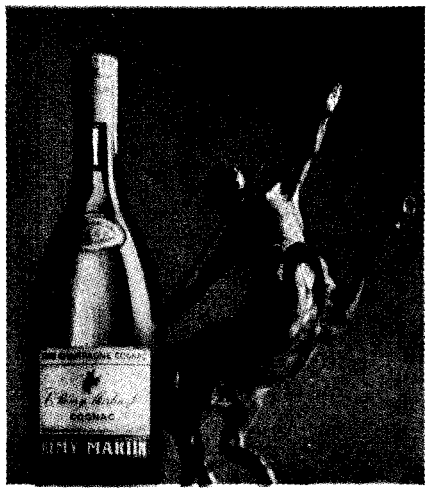

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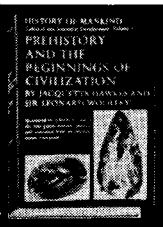

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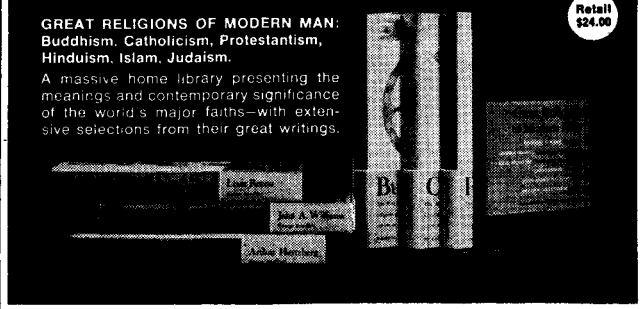

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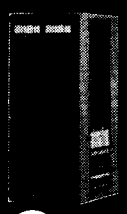

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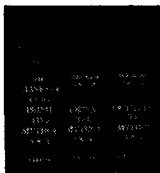

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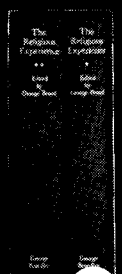

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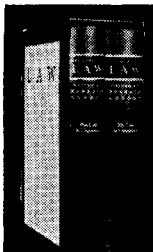

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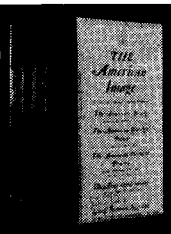

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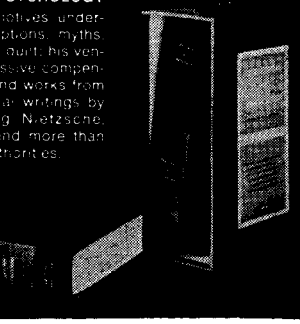

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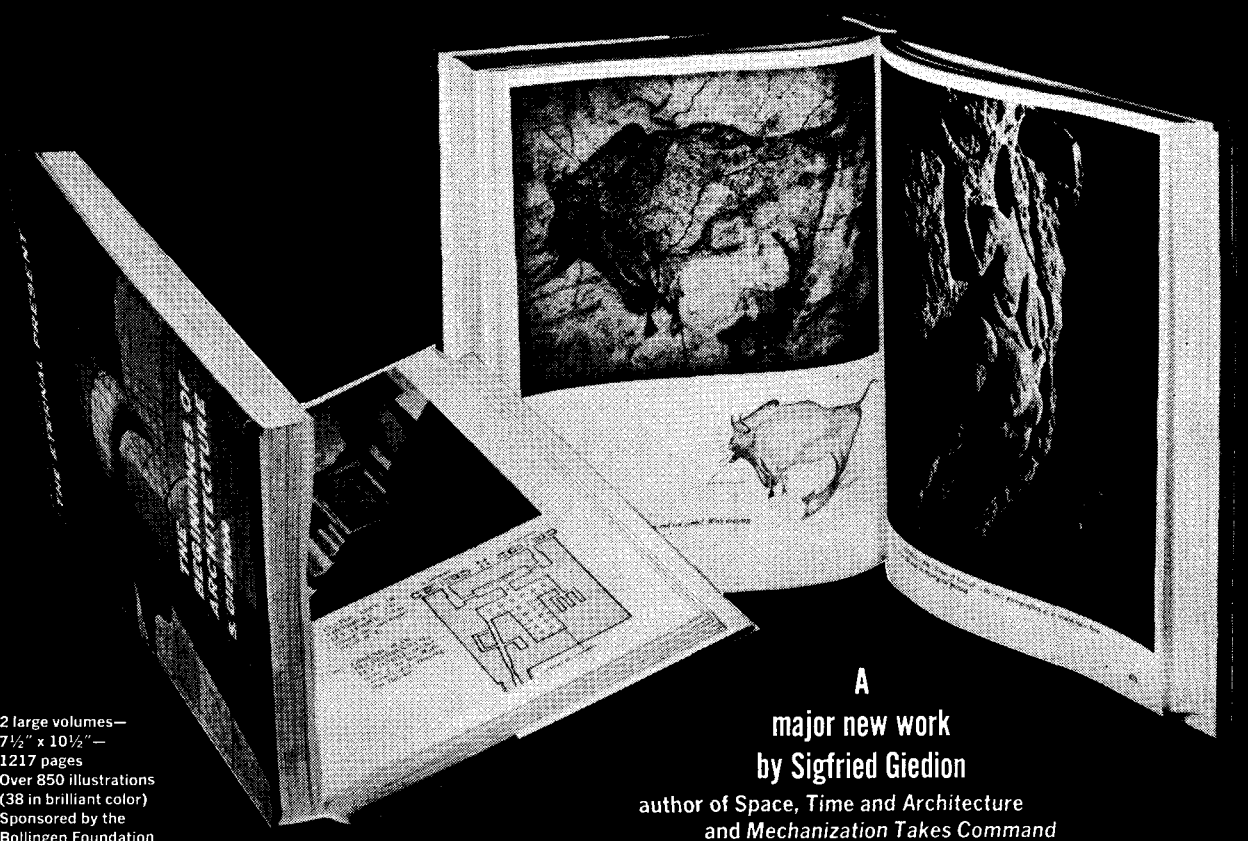

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WE ARE among the best-fed nations in history. We are also, it would appear, among the most gullible, at least to judge from our eating habits, where that gullibility has been used to create a $500-million industry. What happens here is the extension of legitimate scientific claims to a point of absurdity. The conviction has been inculcated in millions of Americans that they need nutritional supplements to their daily diet and that cure-all vitamins and "nutritional aids" can combat such diseases as cancer, heart disease, multiple sclerosis, and dozens more. This is the case with Carlton Fredericks, whose record is barely sketched in the opening article of this issue. From 1954 to 1958, **Ralph Lee Smith** was publications editor for the National Better Business Bureau. Since then he has been a free-lance writer specializing in health and consumer subjects. In 1963 he received the Russell B. Cecil medical writing award of the Arthritis Foundation. He is the author of *The Health Hucksters* (Crowell) and is currently working on a new book about dubious activities in the health field.

THE WAR in Vietnam, according to a battlefront dispatch from **Edmond Taylor,** is entering a new phase, with regulars facing regulars in traditional combat patterns. Taylor's description of a mission on which he briefly shared some of the risk and responsibility that falls to our fighting men complements **Denis Warner's** Saigon report on some of the military and political burdens that we must bear as we increase our commitments. . . . The French presidential campaign has turned out to be surprisingly lively. **Claire Sterling** toured Paris and the French provinces and found that after seven years of de Gaulle, France is still the country of *la politique d'abord*. . . . The big blackout in the Northeast revived interest in Federal power programs for the region that date back to F.D.R.'s Passamaquoddy project. **Peter Barnes,** who discusses the political skirmishing in New England over Federal power, is a Washington correspondent for the Lowell, Massachusetts, *Sun*. . . . Three years ago President de Gaulle is said to have predicted that Edward Heath would lead Britain back into Europe at the head of a Conservative government. **Lawrence Malkin,** an Associated Press correspondent in London, assesses the Tory leader's chances. . . . While American students have been wearing out their lungs and shoe leather demonstrating for or against our Vietnam policy, civil rights, or "free speech," European students have been striking for better schools. **D. C. Watt,** reader in international history at the University of London, describes the antiquated university facilities the students are protesting.

EXISTENTIAL malaise as manifested in the recent work of Federico Fellini is explored by **Richard Bimonte,** a free-lance writer with a particular interest in the Italian film. . . . **Gerald Weales,** an associate professor at the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of *American Drama Since World II* (Harcourt, Brace & World) and of *Religion in Modern Drama* (University of Pennsylvania). . . . **Fernando Krahn** continues his scrutiny of man coping in a world he has to a large extent made.

"Polyphemus Unbound" is from **Robert M. Coates's** book *South of Rome,* soon to be issued by William Sloane Associates. . . . **Hennig Cohen** is editor of *American Quarterly,* an academic journal devoted to American studies and professor of American literature at the University of Pennsylvania. . . . **C. W. Griffin, Jr.,** an editor and engineer, is a frequent contributor. . . . **Marcus Klein,** who teaches at the State University of New York at Buffalo, is the author of *After Alienation,* an examination of the recent American novel, which is available in Meridian paperback.

Our cover for this issue is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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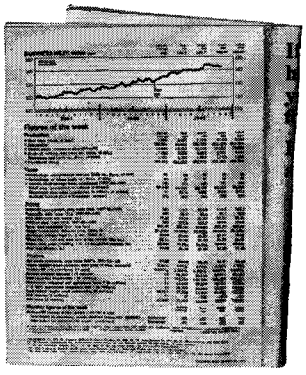

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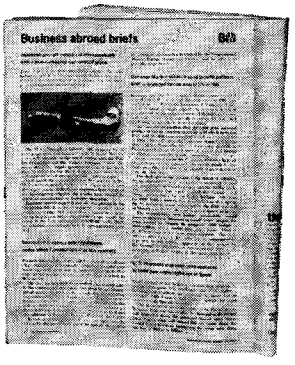

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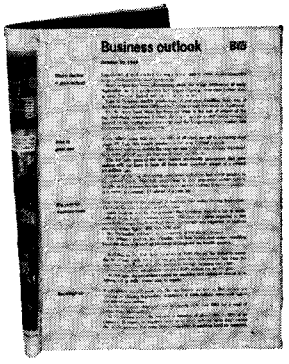

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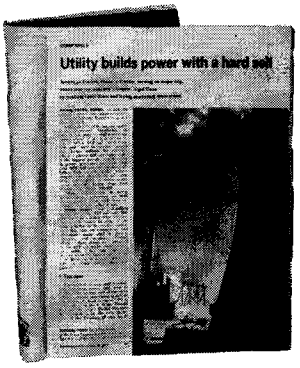

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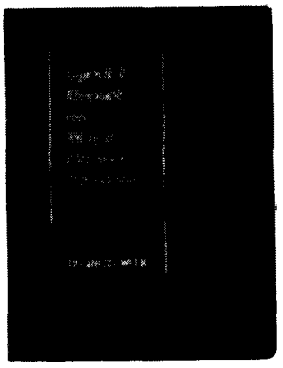

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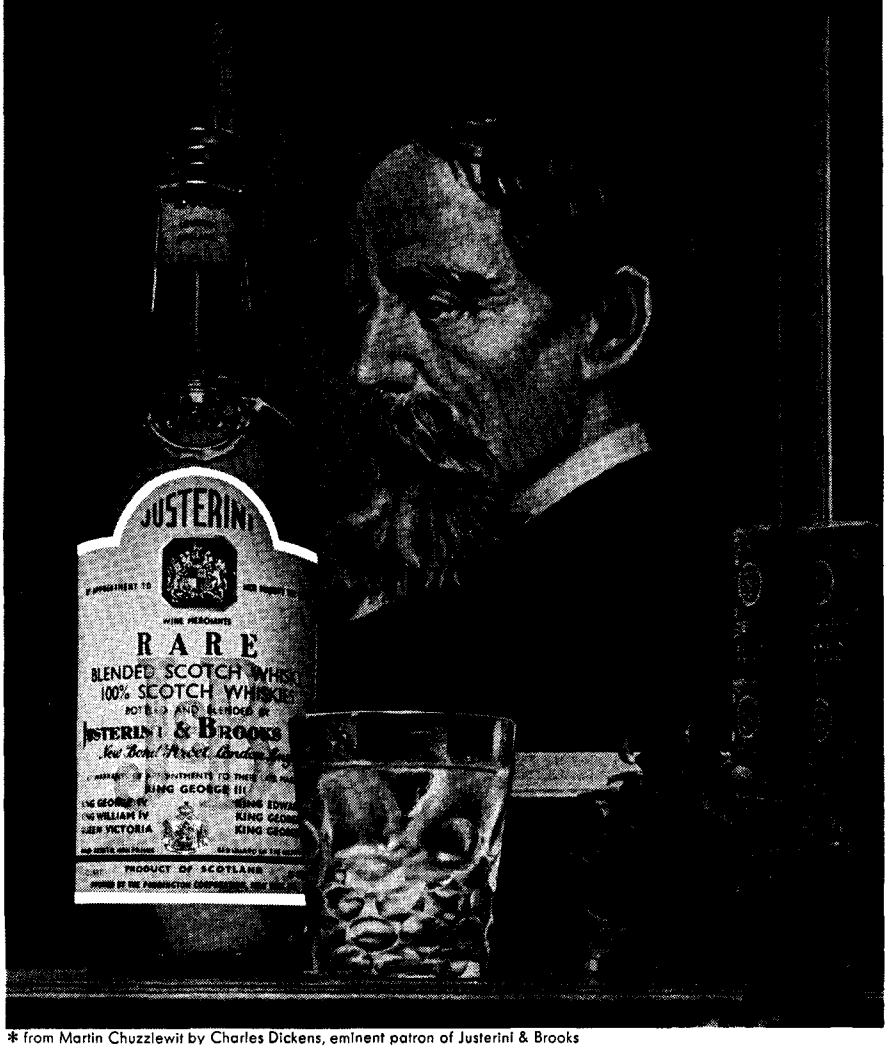

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THIS ELECTORAL SEASON

To the Editor: Since you endorsed John Lindsay for mayor of New York in an issue dated after Election Day, one may perhaps consider it a step forward that you endorse General de Gaulle before the polls have closed in France in an editorial Note in your November 18 issue. The reasoning in "This Electoral Season," however, is not so commendable.

When you cited as a "practical reason" for de Gaulle's candidacy his desire to "give those who are in opposition a chance to be numbered," I was reminded of Mao Tse-tung's urging a hundred flowers to bloom—so that they might show themselves and be cut down. After the numbering, you suggested, de Gaulle will "manifest his decision as to the men he thinks suited to carry on." Must he seek a popular majority in order to dictate his succession?

The Fifth Republic has brought a kind of order to France, but in terms of political democracy it is as bankrupt as the chaotic Fourth Republic. In time to come the Gaullist *Ordnung* may be considered a high price to have paid for the destruction of the political parties in the country that best exemplified both the faults and the virtues of democracy.

It seems to me that editors like yourself bleed a lot about the lack of democracy in Africa and Asia, but applaud when democracy is flouted closer to home. Aren't the French ready for democracy?

LEE BARNES
San Francisco

To the Editor: Your balanced editorial Note reminding us of the importance of reaching an understanding with France was a welcome respite in the barrage of polemics. Reports from France showing a lively campaign in progress reinforce your view and should give the lie to those inflexible ideologues who in the postwar years called de Gaulle a fascist and now merely blame him for the supposed destruction of democracy in France. The obituary was premature: indeed, de Gaulle has created the stability essential for the rebirth of a party system that once seemed bent on self-destruction.

As long as our attitude toward France and France's attitude toward us are shaped by the dispatches of a hostile press on both sides of the Atlantic, it will take a major effort by both Presidents to tell their respective publics that we still have more in common than in dispute.

PAUL FLANNERY
New Orleans

BIRTH CONTROL

To the Editor: May I congratulate you on the article by Wade Greene, "Federal Birth Control: Progress Without

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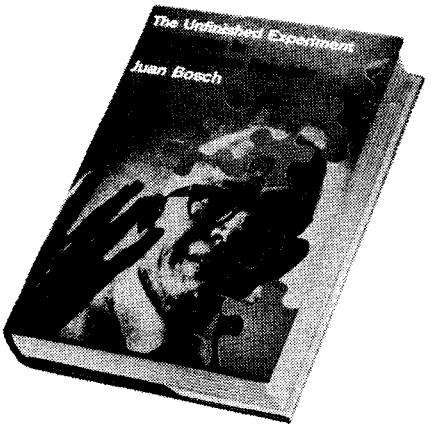
Democracy in the Dominican Republic



The history of the Dominican Republic during the past thirty-five years is largely the story of two men —Trujillo, who ruled the nation for nearly one-third of a century, and Juan Bosch, who served as President for barely seven months.

But even during his two years of exile in Puerto Rico, Juan Bosch occupied a focal position. The civil war that broke out last spring was precipitated by his countrymen's desire to return Juan Bosch to his constitutional office.

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Policy," which appeared in the November 18 issue of *The Reporter*.

If the policy of the Office of Economic Opportunity is to continue as it is, we will not be accomplishing very much, and I certainly hope that the court of public opinion may be aroused to change the opinion on voluntary sterilization. I have been a member of the Association for Voluntary Sterilization for many years. Their program is making progress, but we need a much wider knowledge of the benefits which this association offers.

S. EMLEN STOKES, M.D.
Moorestown, New Jersey

To the Editor: Wade Greene's fine article indicates the necessity for continued strong efforts on the part of advocates of an expanded program to see that available resources are utilized, that more funds be made available, and that public opinion be mobilized to counter the opposition voices. I was particularly concerned with the resistance on the part of OEO to including voluntary sterilization as one of the options available to those seeking birth-control services. Certainly in some cases this is the one method which can be truly effective. It is to be hoped that Mr. Shriver and his agency will reconsider this arbitrary denial of a legally permissible technique.

RUTH J. FREY
New York City

To the Editor: Wade Greene's article on Federal birth-control programs is the kind of courageous journalism that makes *The Reporter* worthwhile. It is my opinion that unless the population crisis is faced more realistically, the poverty program will be a failure. Our city problems, our world problems, our poverty pockets are in great part dependent on solving the population problem. Why should not voluntary sterilization be part of this program?

SIDNEY VAN ARKEL
Haverford, Pennsylvania

OPEN SHOP TALK

To the Editor: The article "Labor Drives to Close the South's Open Shop," by Vera Rony (*The Reporter*, November 18), spells out the limited rights of workers to organize because of the inadequacies of the current National Labor Relations Act. Presently, the House Committee on Education and Labor is making an examination of the various aspects of these inadequacies, and this kind of article should be of value to the committee.

N. A. ZONARICH
Organizational Director
Industrial Union Department, AFL-CIO
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: Miss Rony's article deals almost entirely with the efforts of the Textile Workers Union of America, AFL-CIO, and the Industrial Union Department, AFL-CIO, to organize some of the plants of our company located in the South. . . . In my opinion, the writer has not even attempted to seek a balanced view of the situation and, to the best of my knowledge, did not interview any member of our company's management team. The union viewpoint is fully set forth.

ROBERT T. STEVENS, President
J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.
New York City

The author replies:

Mr. Stevens is correct when he states that I did not interview any members of his management team; he is incorrect when he says that I did not try. I repeatedly sought without success to interview Whiteford Blakeney, the company's counsel in the NLRB proceedings. When I finally encountered Mr. Blakeney at an NLRB hearing and offered to meet him at any place, at any time, he demurred. The resident manager of the Stevens mills in Roanoke Rapids refused to give me an appointment or to talk with me on the telephone.

NOT POOR IN DEED

To the Editor: In "Hubert Humphrey's One-Man Constituency" (*The Reporter*, November 18), Andrew J. Glass managed a new high—or low, depending upon the reader's viewpoint —in simplistic domesticology (the native counterpart of Kremlinology). To hear him tell it, the young liberal mayor of Minneapolis has sold his political soul in an ill-conceived attempt to move up to the Presidency in 1972, simply because he backed a couple of machine hacks in New York City and Philadelphia who were defeated.

Since when has it become politically dangerous to come to the aid of, in the author's own words, "embattled Democratic machines" in urban areas? Certainly not in the election strategy of the Kennedys. And what about their sponsorship of Francis X. Morrissey for a Federal judgeship? Did that gain them liberal support?

Frankly, I was astounded by Mr. Glass's blunt assertion that Bobby is somehow winning the race to the 1972 Presidential nomination by being spat upon in South America while poor Humphrey has to stay in Washington plodding away on such (eminently newsworthy) projects as "civil rights, urban development, the budget, the space program, and next year's legislative goals." Poor Humphrey, indeed.

ERNEST DE FLUMERE
Baltimore

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Still, most airlines didn't see it this way at all.

Did they, Andy?

American Airlines

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DISSENT, CONSENSUS, AND McCARTHYISM

JOHN P. ROCHE

About once a week I have been receiving statements from the American Civil Liberties Union and similar organizations deploring in strong terms an alleged revival of McCarthyism. As one document put it, "Dissent is again being denounced as treason and nonconformity as giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

Let me make it clear at the outset that I have no patience with the argument that the Peace in Vietnam agitation plays into the hands of the enemy. To say this is to endorse tacitly the theory of "objective guilt" which reached its apotheosis in the Moscow Trials. Indeed, even if we were formally at war in Vietnam I would support the right of peace groups—of any political or nonpolitical complexion—to state their views.

Similarly, with regard to draft-card burning, I am far more distressed by adults acting like hysterical, insecure fools than I am by youngsters acting like spoiled, arrogant children.

However, what about the strident accusation that the United States is moving into a period of violent chauvinism, that there are concerted efforts to "stifle public debate over Vietnam"?

In balance, I believe, there is little substance to this charge. Those who are opposing our policy in Vietnam seem to think that *unless their views are accepted,* they are being stifled. Their demand, in short, is not that they be heard but that their orders be obeyed. This goes far beyond any reasonable construction of freedom of speech or opinion; in essence it confuses the (guaranteed) right to be heard with the right to be taken seriously.

Debating issues like war and peace is bound to arouse strong emotions on all sides. The person who opposes majority opinion must expect to be denounced by his exasperated opponents; he can hardly expect a civil-service berth as "Dissenter (GS 15)." Being denounced is a routine affair—one who dissents has to be a big boy and not expect to be loved for his labors. Besides, the majority too has freedom of speech—even the right to call people it disagrees with "traitors."

The important consideration is *what happens to the dissenter,* not how much verbal dung is thrown at him. And if we accept this standard as valid, the anti-war organizations have unprecedented freedom. Even the President has glumly stated that dissent is "healthy" and the National Guard has been asked to protect anti-war marches in Oakland. As usual, some intellectuals claim to be terrorized, but in my experience they were simply born with that chromosome.

At a time when newspapers and TV go to great pains to get "both sides," when "teach-ins" are nationally televised, and when a state university (in the midst of a nasty campaign in which academic freedom became an issue) defends the right of a professor to endorse the Vietcong, one cannot complain that opposition views are being suppressed. They are not being *accepted*—but that is an entirely different matter.

What is also intriguing is the inverted McCarthyism that is operating in the intellectual subculture. Here a supporter of our Vietnam policy is liable to find himself ostracized, and students in our more politicized schools who endorse the government position seem to be going underground. This, as I point out to colleagues and students who complain, is the price of nonconformity!

I found it rather funny, for example, that in a loosely organized attack on me in the New York *Times,* Senator Ernest Gruening (D., Alaska) suggested that it was shocking that Brandeis had a man of my bias teaching political science.

Had Senator Dodd written a similar letter to the *Times* in regard to Professor Genovese of Rutgers, the air would have been full of protest. The permanent floating ad hoc committee of protest in Cambridge would have taken a full-page ad in the *Times* denouncing McCarthyism and the students would have burned the senator in effigy.

I don't want to be misunderstood—I lost no sleep over the matter even when I heard a rumor (later denied) that the president of Brandeis was trying to trade me to Rutgers for Genovese and two outfielders. (Fortunately I can always go back to hod carrying—and even get into the union.) But the fact is that Senator Gruening's attack on my academic competence was based on his opposition to my political views—precisely the issue that has been at stake in the Genovese case.

When I go into an argument, all I ask is that I be heard. And that is all my opponents can ask. The fact that they are a minority confers no special grace. Clearly the majority is not always right, but then again it is not always wrong.

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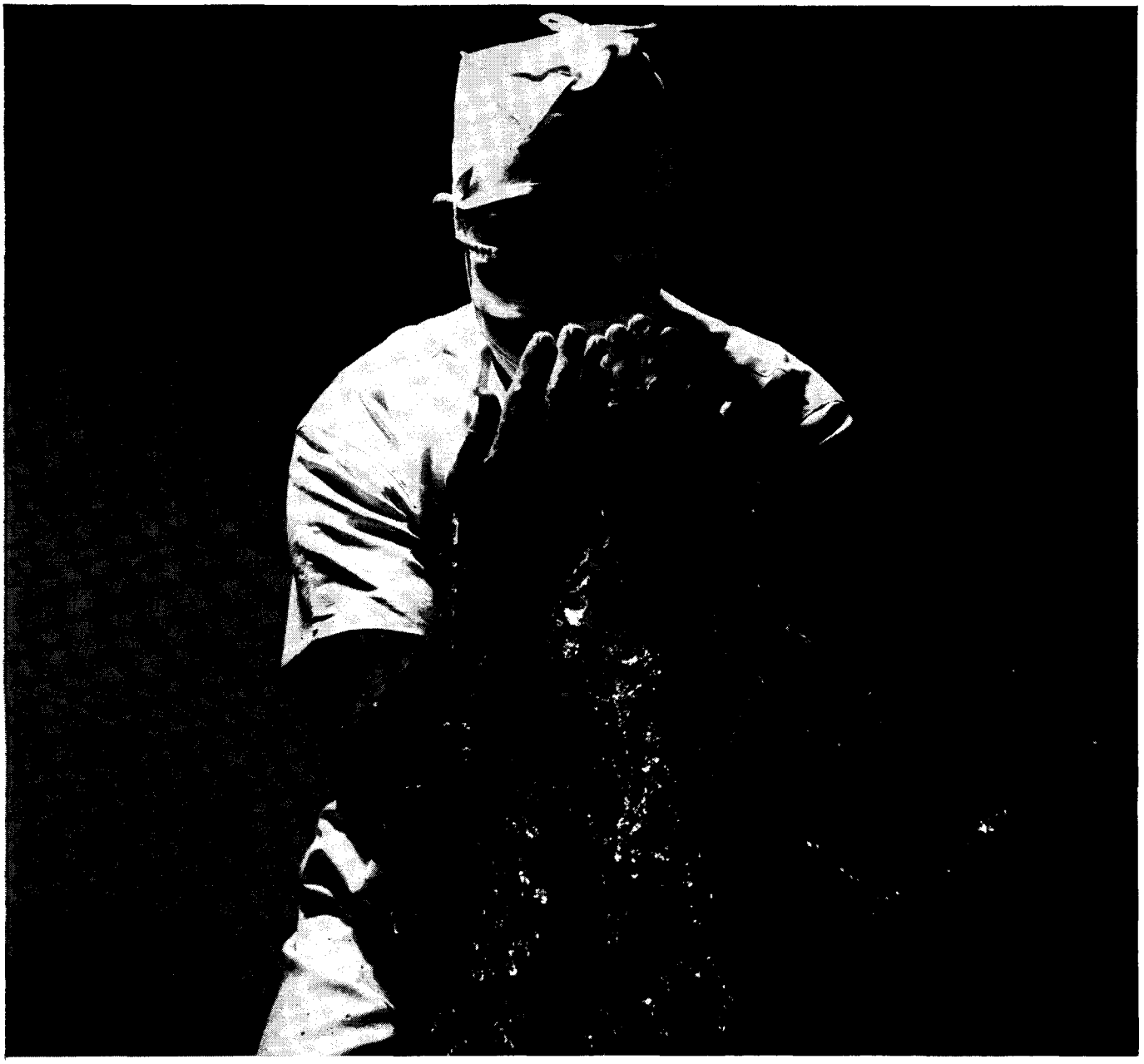

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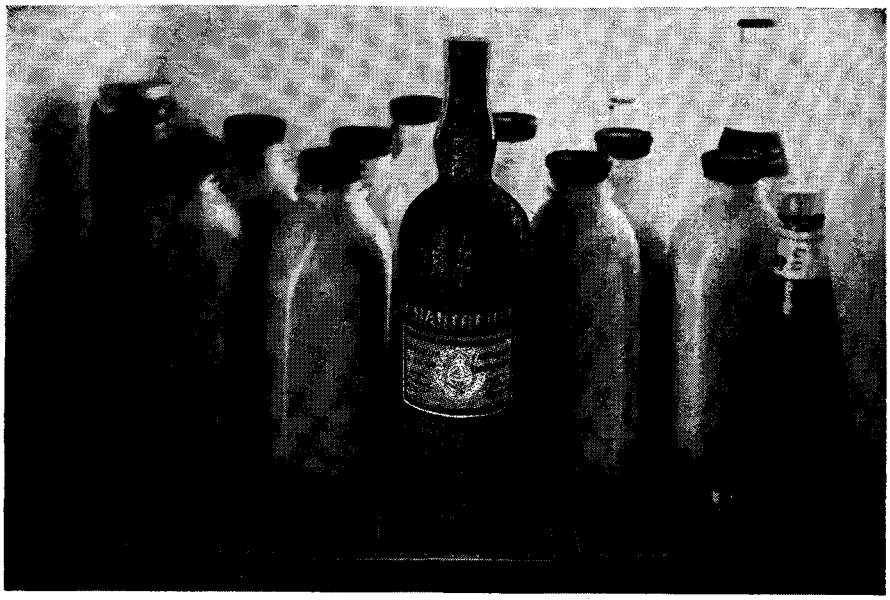

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Acrostician—

MAXWELL TAYLOR

The Conference Conference

The President and part of his staff may be in Texas, and Congress may be off inspecting military and other installations in the livelier parts of the world; but Washington is far from lonely—the citizens have come to town. Protesters, planners, conveners, and conferees have dominated not only all the available hotel space but also most of the news in recent weeks. The latest of these ingatherings was the White House Conference on International Cooperation, a four-day meeting of some two thousand persons who, when they departed, left behind an estimated three hundred recommendations.

The reports of the conference's thirty panels ranged from the precision of the space and meteorology groups, through a contradictory report on "Arms Control and Disarmament," to an unbelievable effort of a panel on Research on Development of International Institutions. "The Committee joins with its thousands of respondents," this last group declared, "to express thanks and appreciation to President Johnson for his call to *s*earch, *e*xplore, *e*xamine, and *d*iscuss every avenue of cooperation that could lead to Peace. *We concur in their belief that the President may have planted the SEED for the beginning of a new era.*" There has probably been nothing like it since Shakespearean scholars undertook to prove that the first letters of selected lines from the sonnets could be demonstrated to spell "I am Francis Bacon."

A while back the reception and tabulation of new ideas was made the province of Professor Eric Goldman of Princeton who, from an office in the White House, encouraged imaginative and interested citizens to bring their more imaginative and interesting suggestions to his attention. It seems clear, however, that Dr. Goldman's limited staff and facilities will not be equal to the job of sifting through the mass of material on international cooperation. Nor would his office have the authority to do much, if any, of the spending and institution building that have been called for. To be sure, some of the recom-

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chosen with an introduction by JOHN L. BRADLEY

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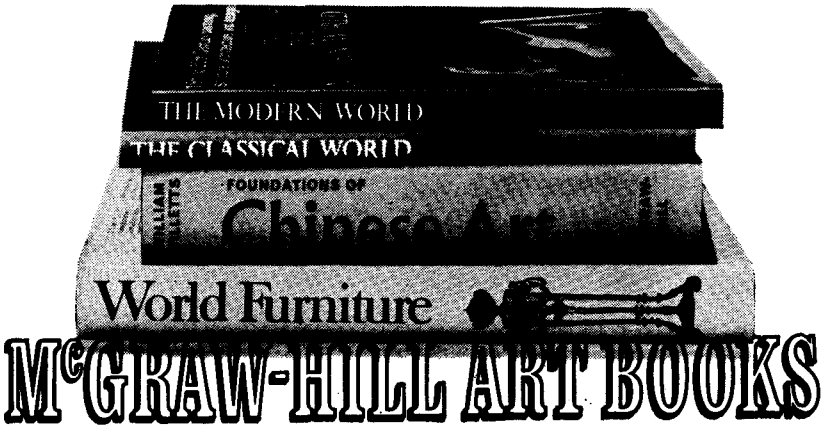

mendations are unexceptionable by reason of their vagueness and lack of cost ("Nongovernmental, voluntary organizations are urged to give increased support and status to their international programs"). But the favorite recommendation of most of the panels was that there be a proliferation of more panels, committees, agencies, conferences, and U.N. subagencies.

For example, if the conferees are heeded, the United States will encourage the establishment of new U.N. instrumentalities on international marine resources, transportation, peacekeeping operations, communications (to be called the VOICE OF PEACE), urban development, and disarmament. It will also establish new offices and/or agencies in these areas within the U.S. executive branch, and call conferences on most of them and others as well. There will be, for instance, a "new instrumentality" under HEW and AID to "foster and facilitate international social welfare research," a Presidential Committee on "International Youth Affairs," and a "World Urban Development Research Laboratory and Institute." There may be a "Peace on Earth Research Center." And there may even be a "Department of Peace" headed by a Secretary of cabinet rank. What will that leave for others to do? "The Department of State would continue in all of its present activities."

The Department of State is going to have plenty to do just going through the conference's recommendations and setting up all the other conferences called for and then, presumably, repeating the process. All this seems to us to bear rather directly upon the current renewal of criticism against the department for its slowness to develop "new ideas." Perhaps it is too busy cataloguing the "new ideas" it is offered by its critics. Perhaps it has even come to understand exactly how "new" many of them are.

Nothing But The Tooth

We seemed to have touched a nerve back in 1959 when we published "What Happened to Washington's Teeth?," an article by Margaret Gibbs that described the au-

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Designer, 1980
A Boy with Cars in His Eyes

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No.137

by HENRY ALLEN

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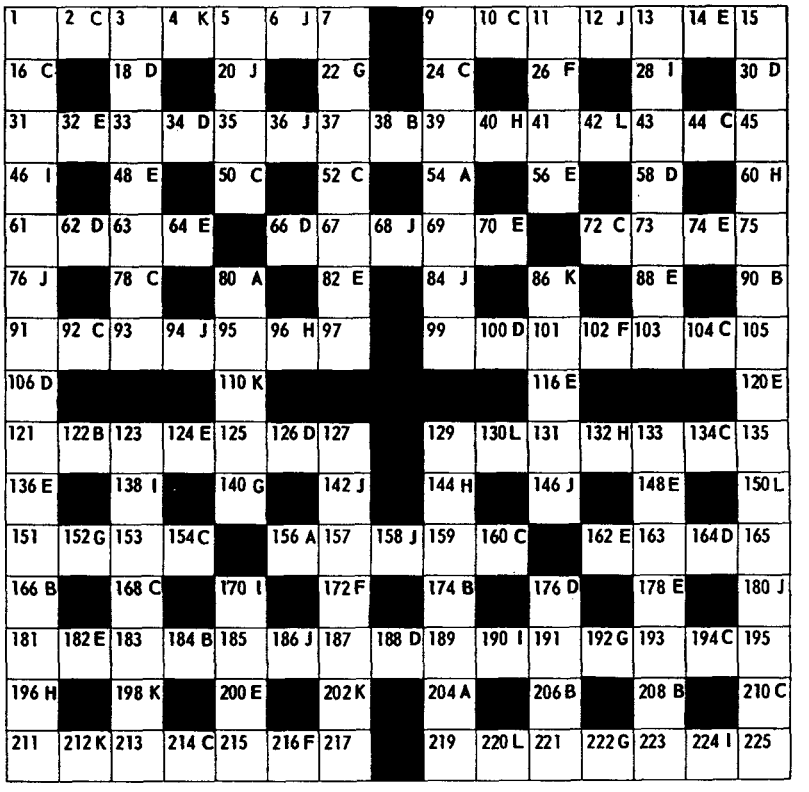
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person. the Acrostician.



A

$\overline{156}$ $\overline{80}$ $\overline{204}$ $\overline{54}$ Beloved vehicle of World War II.

B

$\overline{90}$ $\overline{174}$ $\overline{122}$ $\overline{38}$ $\overline{166}$ $\overline{206}$ $\overline{208}$ $\overline{184}$ What is said to flow in the veins of a nerveless man (3,5).

C

$\overline{104}$ $\overline{2}$ $\overline{24}$ $\overline{160}$ $\overline{44}$ $\overline{214}$ $\overline{154}$ $\overline{194}$ $\overline{134}$ $\overline{92}$ $\overline{78}$ $\overline{210}$ $\overline{16}$ $\overline{52}$ $\overline{168}$ $\overline{10}$ $\overline{50}$ $\overline{72}$ Location of Columbia University (11,7).

D

$\overline{164}$ $\overline{62}$ $\overline{30}$ $\overline{58}$ $\overline{34}$ $\overline{126}$ $\overline{100}$ $\overline{66}$ $\overline{188}$ $\overline{18}$ $\overline{176}$ $\overline{106}$ Kind of climatic conditions Mark Twain attributed to New England (5,7).

E

$\overline{56}$ $\overline{32}$ $\overline{148}$ $\overline{136}$ $\overline{182}$ $\overline{116}$ $\overline{48}$ $\overline{124}$ $\overline{82}$ $\overline{120}$ $\overline{70}$ $\overline{178}$ $\overline{74}$ $\overline{14}$ $\overline{88}$ $\overline{64}$ $\overline{162}$ $\overline{200}$ Expressive of the inexperienced (8,10).

F

$\overline{26}$ $\overline{102}$ $\overline{216}$ $\overline{172}$ "The nations are as a ____ of a bucket." Isaiah.

G

$\overline{222}$ $\overline{140}$ $\overline{192}$ $\overline{152}$ $\overline{22}$ "Set ye_____in the forefront." II Samuel.

H

$\overline{40}$ $\overline{196}$ $\overline{144}$ $\overline{132}$ $\overline{60}$ $\overline{96}$ Reduced in area; said of a sail.

I

$\overline{170}$ $\overline{28}$ $\overline{138}$ $\overline{224}$ $\overline{46}$ $\overline{190}$ Highest point of an orbit.

J

$\overline{12}$ $\overline{6}$ $\overline{20}$ $\overline{76}$ $\overline{146}$ $\overline{186}$ $\overline{180}$ $\overline{36}$ $\overline{84}$ $\overline{68}$ $\overline{158}$ $\overline{142}$ $\overline{94}$ Very slender church spire (6,7).

K

$\overline{4}$ $\overline{86}$ $\overline{212}$ $\overline{110}$ $\overline{202}$ $\overline{198}$ Slang term for a winner (3,3).

L

$\overline{150}$ $\overline{130}$ $\overline{42}$ $\overline{220}$ Gaelic.

ACROSS

1. The best lot may result in a bad wager.
9. One of the soubriquets of the Acrostician (3,4).
31. Faithful caretaking by the central servant of the last part? (4,11).
61. This Spanish girl ain't all she's cracked up to be.
66. A small department expert.
72. Glide in the Endless Luray Caverns.
91. Some things to be put on to a crazy dad about the finish.
99. Put the question differently to the farmer. E's deaf.
121. Colors begin with a shout.
129. Lots of cars if craft are smashed.
151. Pealed in greater anger.
156. Lacquer a country.
162. Half of these millions (prefix).
181. The Merry Monarch's father lost his head, did he? (7,3,5).
211. A gun platform holds a son about an opera singer.
219. To well up again or recover, they say.

DOWN

1. Giant footprints, for example, or Apollo's reins (9,6).
3. Put out in a shed and yelled.
5. See 15 down.
7. The notion of an expression of shock (3,4).
9. North American woodsman on a little route with paper.
11. Former movie singer in a whirl.
13. Shakespearean heroine yells, "O help! First Class help!"
15. With 5 down and 129 down, the finest professor as found in a cliché (10,2,3,4,7).
80. Bewitching girl friend of Saul.
86. Garbage is awful, it's said.
123. Time of a fairy tale or of the formation of 1 down (4,3).
127. As (5,2), applies in a hurry; as (4,3), chastise a descendant.
129. See 15 down.
133. See Rufe and her for a German leader.
170. Handouts are not quite small.
176. Spirits with a small foot between two points.

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thor's mystification at being told by the authorities at Mount Vernon, first, that the set of George Washington's dentures she had often seen on exhibit there was no longer considered suitable for display, and later, when she pressed harder, that they had never been exhibited there at all. Scores of our readers wrote in to refute this assertion; and one who said that many sets of presumptive Presidential choppers existed, added: "I hope that eventually you are able to corral all of the missing dentures . . . . Now that you have your teeth in the problem, I hope you will hold on until you have solved it."

Six years have gone by, and while we still haven't been able to clear up the Mount Vernon situation, we have not forgotten our responsibility to all those letter writers. We are therefore happy to contribute a report from the Washington *Post* on the whereabouts of another set of Washingtonian teeth.

These dentures were given to the Dental School of the University of Maryland in 1840 by a relative of the Father of Our Country, and they have now been donated to the Smithsonian Institution, where they will be included in a projected exhibit on the history of dentistry. "Troubled by bad teeth for much of his life," the *Post* said, "Washington was one of the best customers of the primitive 18th century dental profession. His teeth were carved of rhinoceros tusks which required constant treatment against the inroads of hyperacidity and frequent patching of erosion pits."

Fine. But we still want to know what happened to the teeth Mrs. Gibbs and her supporters say they saw at Mount Vernon. These were described as "made of wood, two rounded slabs bristling with separate pegs. They might have been anything from a wall for a toy fortress to an intricate nutcracker . . ." The curators of the shrine admit to possessing a set made of wood, ivory, and human teeth, but insist that they have never been shown publicly. We feel that this information represents some slight progress, and if more facts come to light we shall pass them on. We just don't want to get into a new debate on whether rhinos have tusks.

It's a pity people aren't more discerning about liqueurs, for there is an ocean of difference between them. Consider what it takes to make a truly superb Blackberry Liqueur.

The thing to judge in Blackberry Liqueur is the fruit. Where it was grown. When it was plucked. How soon it was processed. Nowhere else do blackberries grow as ripe and tender as in Dijon, France. They are ripest and most fragrant in late August. And it is then that they must be plucked and immediately processed to preserve their true flavor.

Berries, black and juicy, are the soul of a superb Blackberry Liqueur. But look also for infusions of natural Black Currant and Raspberry. Finally, make certain the liqueur is sealed in the bottle by the producer. For this is one sure way to lock in flavor and delicacy. One liqueur producer still takes such pains with Blackberry Liqueur—and 18 other delicious flavors, all made and bottled in France.

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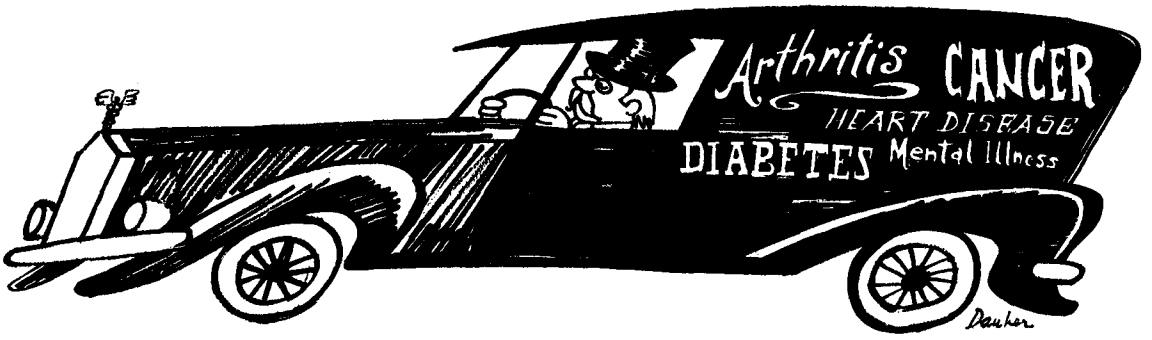

The Vitamin Healers

RALPH LEE SMITH

"THE MOST WIDESPREAD and expensive type of quackery in the United States today," George P. Larrick, U.S. Commissioner of Food and Drugs, has said, "is the promotion of vitamin products, special dietary foods, and food supplements. Millions of consumers are being misled concerning their need for such products. Complicating this problem is a vast and growing 'folklore' or 'mythology' of nutrition which is being built up by pseudo-scientific literature in books, pamphlets and periodicals. As a result, millions of people are attempting self-medication for imaginary and real illnesses with a multitude of more or less irrational food items. Food quackery today can only be compared to the patent medicine craze which reached its height in the last century."

Larrick's statement summarizes a phenomenon that has become increasingly apparent in recent years: the United States, which has one of the highest standards of nutrition in the world, is perhaps the most neurotic nation in the world about nutrition and health. Millions of well-fed Americans believe that they stand in daily peril of dietary deficiency and that no amount of proper eating of ordinary staple foods will make them safe. These beliefs have become the basis for an immense industry.

The Food and Drug Administration reports: "An estimate made a few years ago that 'health food' rackets cost 10 million Americans over $500 million a year is still believed conservative." Urging the public on is a satellite industry which specializes in the dissemination of dubious, misleading, and false health information. And responding to the insatiable popular interest in these matters, a number of publishers and radio and television stations have become involved.

IN THIS as in other scientific fields, the public relies largely on such media since it has no easy regular access to scientific sources.

"The American consumer," says Kenneth L. Milstead, special assistant to the Commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration, ". . . has been made aware of important nutritional factors and concepts, but his knowledge has not reached the point where he can distinguish between sound nutritional advice and nutritional nonsense." Thus the spread of misinformation has reached far beyond the circle of food faddists and increasingly affects the eating and marketing habits of millions of otherwise well-informed people. More serious, it encourages a kind of self-administered, do-it-yourself therapy sometimes involving serious diseases that can be safely treated only by qualified doctors.

To be sure, most of the products in question are not harmful in themselves. So-called "health foods" are for the most part perfectly nutritious, although some of them are less so than various staple foods. And generally speaking, vitamins are harmless, although large doses of vitamins A and D can be toxic and even, under certain circumstances, fatal. The social damage inflicted by "food quackery," however, is pervasive and harder to estimate.

Among its principal victims are middle-aged and elderly persons, many of whom can ill afford the extra expense for vitamins, dietary supplements, and "health foods," which often cost more than staple foods and which, they have become convinced, are essential to their health. In addition, medical experts have testified in court and in Congressional hearings that persons in the field have put out questionable or false information about the relation of nutrition to a variety of diseases and conditions. When their views are disputed by established scientists and scientific groups, the vitamin and health-food promoters tell their followers that scientists, doctors, medical groups, food processors, and the Federal government are involved in a great conspiracy to suppress the truth about health and nutrition in order to protect commercial interests and prevent the circulation of any views but their own.

The 'Foremost Nutritionist'

Perhaps the most influential advocate of vitamin and food therapy is a man named Carlton Fredericks, who is described on the covers of books he has written as "America's Foremost Nutritionist." According to Fredericks, dozens of diseases can be treated by taking vitamins. Five days a week, Fredericks' radio program on health and nutrition, "Living Should Be Fun," is heard on

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radio stations throughout the United States. It is followed by hundreds of thousands of avid listeners: the cover of one of his recent books says that the program generates ten thousand letters a week to one New York station alone (the program is broadcast on New York's WOR, and is sold to other stations). For four years Fredericks was an associate professor of nutrition at an Eastern university, and his books on medicine, health, and nutrition have sold millions of copies. Yet he has never taken a course in nutrition. Even more startling, he stands convicted of illegal practice of medicine. All in all, Fredericks' career perhaps deserves more detailed public attention than it has yet had.

Personally, he is an immensely energetic man with a persuasive quality of voice and a charm that his radio listeners, many of them middle-aged and older women, appear to find irresistible. His attitude toward scientists who disagree wi.h him is less charming. Brilliant and aggressive in argument, in many instances he has threatened libel actions against doctors who disagree with him, publicly or privately.

His influence and power continue to grow. In April of this year, for example, he was a star witness at Senate subcommittee hearings on invasions of privacy by government agencies, conducted by Senator Edward V. Long of Missouri. Fredericks depicted himself as a crusader in the field of health, gallantly risking the wrath of Federal authorities to bring the public the truth about health and nutrition that various arms of the government are exerting vast efforts to suppress. He was vitriolic about government regulatory agencies, especially the Food and Drug Administration. Describing his first run-in with FDA "somewhere around 1949," Fredericks said: "This was the beginning of a relentless, unmitigated, uninterrupted effort by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration to silence my radio broadcasts, by the use of every device, legal, or tangentially illegal that has occurred to the mind, the fertile mind behind the mimeograph machines in that department."

When he was finished, Senator Long thanked him for his "very helpful statement" and congratulated him for making his presentation "without any reference to any memorandums or printed material of any kind." "That in itself," said the Senator, "is very refreshing to the committee."

ACCORDING TO FDA, the man now known as Carlton Fredericks was named Harold Fredericks Caplan when he graduated Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Alabama in 1931. His major was English, his minor political science. His only science courses were two hours of physiology and eight hours of elementary chemistry to fulfill graduation requirements. After holding miscellaneous jobs he went to work for U.S. Vitamin Corporation in 1937. He describes his position as "Director of Professional Education." "Our information," the FDA stated in an official report, "is that Fredericks, in fact, was hired to write advertising copy, using material supplied to him from scientific sources by people with technical qualifications, who reviewed his writings before publication. Later, Fredericks was sent out to give talks to promote the sale of vitamins. This appears to have been the beginning of his career as a 'nutrition educator.' "

During the 1940's, he set himself up on his own, with a daily radio program on which he was introduced as an "internationally known nutrition expert." In 1942 he published the first of a number of popular books on personal health and nutrition. On stationery bearing the letterhead "Institute of Nutrition Research, Carlton Fredericks, Executive Director," he answered queries from listeners to his radio program with a form letter, which read in part: "Dear Listener, You recently wrote to me with reference to a food-candy, vitamin-mineral supplement, which I have mentioned in some of my broadcasts. The requests for this supplement have been so numerous, that the manufacturer, who has no facilities to handle individual orders, has asked me to do so for him. The price of this product, which is named FOOD-EX, is $3.00, which includes postage and handling charges. . . . Please write your name and address on the back of this letter, and return it in the enclosed envelope, with cash, money order or check so that I may send your FOOD-EX to you by return mail."

Records of the advertising agency of Kaplan & Bruck, New York, which prepared ads for Food-Ex, show that these ads were drawn up for the Institute of Nutrition Research. The proposed ads carried a return coupon for individual orders of Food-Ex, addressed to Foods Plus, Inc., a vitamin manufacturer, distributor, and retailer, at the same address as the Institute of Nutrition Research. Foods Plus was later to play an important role in Fredericks' career.

Illegal Practice

Records of the City Magistrates' Court of New York show that Fredericks began diagnosing patients and prescribing for their illnesses. Word of this activity reached the New York State Department of Education, which assigned three special investigators to the case. Each sought and obtained appointments with Fredericks and described her alleged symptoms. One investigator described her symptoms as poor appetite, drowsiness, gaseousness, depression, night sweats, constipation, an allergy to strawberries, and pain in the left shoulder and arm. "Defendant said that I was lacking certain vitamins but he would have to experiment to find which ones I lacked. . . . Defendant said that mine was not an odd case, that he had many patients with similar complaints but they overcame them." Fredericks then prescribed a diet based on food lists in his book *Lessons in Living*, ordered vitamins for her, and charged her a ten-dollar fee for the visit.

As a result of this investigation Fredericks was charged by the State of New York with illegal practice of medicine. At first he pleaded not guilty, but then changed his plea to guilty. In April, 1945, he was sentenced to a $500 fine or three months in jail. He paid the fine.

The Professor

Fredericks now enrolled in New York University's School of Education, receiving an M.A. in 1949 and a Ph.D. in 1955. "His thesis was written in the area of nutrition," says one of the biographical forms distributed by Fredericks to the pub-

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lic. Actually, Fredericks did not take any course in nutrition at New York University, and his Ph.D. thesis contains no research on the chemistry or pharmacology of nutrition. It is a quantitative measurement study in communications and education. Entitled "A Study of the Responses of a Group of Adult Female Listeners to a Series of Educational Radio Programs," it is an analysis of how much of certain things he said on his program was retained by selected persons in his radio audience, and what effect it had on their food-buying habits.

In 1956 he received an appointment as associate professor of nutrition at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey, where his course on "Health Education" was required for all B.A. students. It may be worth noting that Fairleigh Dickinson's president was especially interested in nutrition. In 1959, when Fredericks was on the faculty, the university president was listed as third vice-president of a body called the American Academy of Applied Nutrition. This is the parent body of a lay organization known as the American Nutrition Society, of which Carlton Fredericks is a member.

There are several such groups in the United States today, which enjoy no great regard in scientific circles. These two are no exception. Dr. Victor Daniel Herbert, associate director of the Department of Hematology at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, associate clinical professor of medicine at Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, and one of America's foremost qualified nutritionists, was asked about the American Academy of Applied Nutrition while testifying in a recent court action brought by the FDA against Foods Plus:

Q. "Are you familiar with their reputation in the scientific and medical community?"

A. "They have no reputation."

The New Jersey State Nutrition Council soon heard that nursing and nutrition students coming to Columbia from Fredericks' classes at Fairleigh Dickinson appeared to have misleading information on nutrition. The Facts and Fallacies Committee of the council conducted an investigation and in 1958 prepared a confidential report which was sent to the New Jersey State Department of Education. What happened thereafter is not a matter of public record. In any event, Fredericks left the faculty of Fairleigh Dickinson in 1960.

The 'Chief Consultant'

Meanwhile, of course, Fredericks had been continuing his broadcasts, and had been appearing in the vitamin catalogues of Foods Plus, Inc., as "Chief Consultant" to the firm. Various catalogues featured his picture and described him as an "internationally famous nutritionist" who had spent "long years of research and practice in the field of scientific nutrition," and who "has either formulated or tested and approved special formulas listed in this catalogue."

In 1960, Foods Plus ran into trouble with the Food and Drug Administration. In April, inspectors of the agency seized 204,002 bottles of the firm's various vitamin and mineral preparations and took it to court in New York, charging that ". . . labeling which accompanied the articles was false and misleading" in numerous particulars. This "labeling" consisted of the firm's spring catalogue and several other booklets used to promote the sale of the products, which stated that the vitamin-mineral preparations were useful in treating dozens of diseases. In addition, FDA branded as false and misleading the implications made in conjunction with all but one of the products:

(1) "That practically everyone in this country is suffering from, or is in danger of suffering from, a serious dietary deficiency of vitamins and minerals due to foods being grown on depleted soils, and due to storage, processing, refining, shipping, and cooking of foods . . ."

(2) "That Foods Plus, Inc., was the manufacturer of the vitamin and mineral products which they offered for sale . . ."

The case was settled by a consent decree, by which Foods Plus reclaimed its warehouseful of pills and agreed to prepare new literature.

The story does not end there, however. Late in 1961, word of a curious set of arrangements involving Carlton Fredericks, an outfit called CF Productions, and Curtis Advertising Company, Inc., reached the ears of the Federal Communications Commission. It investigated and found, among other things, that Fredericks had a contract with Foods Plus which "required that he turn over to Foods Plus all mail received as a result of radio, television and other public appearances, with the right in Foods Plus to use such names in the promotion and sale of its products."

Fredericks produced and owned his program "Living Should Be Fun." CF Productions, which syndicated it and sold it to radio stations, was actually wholly owned by officials of Curtis Advertising Company, and the offices of the two firms were at the same address and at one time in the same room.

CF Productions (President: Robert D. Nathan) retained Curtis (Director of Radio and Television: Robert D. Nathan) as its advertising agency, which in effect meant that Curtis was its own client. Curtis was also the advertising agency for Foods Plus.

Almost all radio stations buying "Living Should Be Fun" were promised by CF Productions that they would receive an order for Foods Plus commercials with a cash value equal to or greater than the price that the station paid for the program. In effect, the station got the program free—along with Foods Plus commercials, to be sure. It was up to Curtis to try to get the ads placed as near as possible to Fredericks' program. "The scheduling of the Foods Plus spots began with the broadcast of the program, and, when the station ceased broadcasting the program, advertising was cancelled," says the FCC report.

During the time that these relationships were in effect, Fredericks vigorously denied that they existed. ". . . you will find that my radio program has absolutely no connection with Foods Plus . . . ," he wrote the publishing company of Thomas Y. Crowell in 1961.

In July, 1962, FCC released its report stating: "Under all the circumstances, it is our conclusion that Foods Plus was a 'sponsor' of 'Living Should Be Fun,' and that in those instances in which the offer of Foods Plus announcements had an effect upon the presentation of the pro-

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gram an appropriate sponsorship identification should have been made. . . ."

But Fredericks had moved quickly. In February, 1962, shortly after FCC began its investigation, he terminated his relationship with Foods Plus.

Expert Opinion

Fredericks' cancellation of his Foods Plus contract, however, came too late to head off trouble in another quarter. In January the Food and Drug Administration had filed a new action against Foods Plus, charging that forty-two of the firm's products had been misbranded, both by statements in its 1962 catalogue and by information on the relationship of vitamins and minerals to disease given by Carlton Fredericks on his radio broadcasts while his contract with Foods Plus was in effect.

In March, 1965, the court found against Foods Plus on the narrow grounds that the seized products failed to bear adequate instructions on how to use them to treat the conditions for which Fredericks had said that such vitamin-mineral preparations are useful. (The case is currently on appeal.)

Fredericks' name appeared frequently in testimony. His reputation and ability were defended by one medical witness, who referred to him as "outstanding" but who, prior to the trial had found it medically advisable to drop the services of Fredericks' office. Among critical comments was that of Dr. Herbert, who, on being asked if Fredericks was a nutritionist, replied, "No." An objection was overruled, and then:

Q. ". . . why not, doctor?"

A. "I am asked as a scientist, as a nutritionist in the scientific sense whether Dr. Fredericks is a nutritionist. I must answer within my competency as a nutritionist in the scientific sense that Dr. Fredericks is a charlatan."

This occasioned a long outburst from the defense attorney, who moved that the testimony be struck from the record. The motion was denied by the court.

The proceedings brought many interesting aspects of Fredericks' activities to light. The government charged and the court found that Fredericks had been telling his vast radio audience that vitamins and minerals can be used to treat myriad illnesses, including respiratory ailments, cystic mastitis, club feet, lowered thyroid activity, disturbed elimination, high blood pressure, strokes, rheumatic fever, tooth decay, damaged brain and nerve cells in children, multiple sclerosis, varicose veins, mental disorders, lack of resistance to cancer, epilepsy, shingles, arthritis, gray hair, mongolian idiotism, sexual frigidity, heart disease, muscular dystrophy, coronary thrombosis, cerebral palsy, diminished vigor, nervousness, tartar on teeth, infertility in women, backache, cramps—and lack of mental resistance to house-to-house salesmen.

FDA, like FCC, was fascinated by the jungle of arrangements involving Fredericks, Foods Plus, Curtis, and CF Productions. Surveying these arrangements, the government concluded that Fredericks' endorsement of Foods Plus products was clearly for merchandising appeal. Far from being specially "formulated" by Carlton Fredericks, Foods Plus products were (according to a 1961 prospectus issued by Shearson, Hammill & Company and cited by the government) a less expensive line of products than those generally available on the market. The government further noted that Fredericks' contract with Foods Plus said nothing about scientific research or product formulation. He was hired as "consultant and to approve, recommend, endorse, and generally aid in the sale and promotion of the products of Foods Plus. . . ."

In April, 1965, Fredericks appeared before the Long Committee to castigate the Federal regulatory agencies. In his testimony he made a number of statements that the committee might well have questioned. For example, to demonstrate the recognition his work had achieved, he told the committee that one of his books had been "translated into braille by the Library of Congress." Fredericks had made this claim a number of times before, and the Food and Drug Administration, in a statement issued in January, 1964, had questioned both its accuracy and its implications: "Two copies of the book have been transcribed into braille by two separate units of the American Red Cross, and donated to the Library's Division of the Blind. The Library of Congress does not make value judgments on its donated books."

It was one of a number of claims made by Fredericks that were challenged in a complaint against him issued by the Federal Trade Commission on October 25, 1965. One of FTC's domains is false and misleading advertising, and it was concerned with advertising and promotional materials used to sell his program to radio stations and his writings to the public. The complaint said that, contrary to advertising statements:

¶ Scripts of Fredericks' radio programs ha· not been reproduced in braille by, or at the instigation of, the Library of Congress or any other agency of the U.S. government.

¶ His doctoral thesis was not written on the subject of or in the field of, nor was it concerned with the science of nutrition.

¶ He was at no time a member of the faculty of New York University, nor has he held the rank of Visiting Lecturer in the College of Pharmacy of Columbia University.

¶ His radio program has not been broadcast on certain stations which Fredericks said had carried it.

¶ He has not received the honorary degree of Doctor of Humanities from an academic institution lawfully entitled or empowered to award such a degree, but on the contrary has been "awarded" such a degree by a "foreign school of theologi-

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cal learning which is not entitled or empowered by its charter to award or grant the same."

Fredericks has moved for dismissal of those portions of the complaint that pertain to his radio broadcasts. At this writing the government had not yet acted on his motion; meanwhile Fredericks has been granted an extension of time to reply to the complaint.

In addition to his broadcasts and his books, Fredericks has ranged further afield by endorsing various nationally advertised commercial products, an activity prohibited to the members of at least one recognized scientific association in the field of nutrition, the American Dietetic Association. Thus for Bovril, a long advertisement entitled "Relief From Tiredness! by Dr. Carlton Fredericks, Ph.D.," contained his picture and a text that described him as "internationally renowned as educator, author, radio commentator, and nutrition consultant." An advertisement for Camp Chemical Co., makers of cesspool-cleaning chemicals, which appeared in *Reader's Digest,* was headed, "Carlton Fredericks, Ph.D., Public Health Authority, says: 'Now Septic Tanks—Cesspools—Drains CAN be Guaranteed Trouble-Free.'" Camp Chemical Co. is listed as a client of Curtis Advertising Company.

The 'Myths' of Nutrition

What, exactly, are the medical and health views advocated by Carlton Fredericks? To begin with, certain of Fredericks' views parallel, wholly or in part, some basic concepts about diet and nutrition that the Food and Drug Administration officially describes as "myths." Three of the "myths" on FDA's list are:

¶ Most, if not all, diseases may be caused by faulty diet.

¶ American soils are impoverished, and they therefore produce foods that are inferior in nutritional value.

¶ The American food supply is devitalized by overprocessing.

These beliefs, says FDA, are baseless. "The American food supply," says an FDA statement, "is unsurpassed in volume, variety, and nutritional value."

There are some diseases, such as scurvy, beriberi, and goiter, that are caused by dietary deficiency, but these are rare in the U.S. In a recent case now on appeal in the courts involving a vitamin-mineral preparation, the Federal Trade Commission found on the basis of expert testimony that "less than one per cent [of the nation's population] are deficient in vitamins."

Nutrition: Your Key to Good Health, a Fredericks book published in 1964, contains such statements as the following:

"It is true that there is no disease that does not ultimately involve nutrition."

"If we ate foods that were not overprocessed and overmilled, the [vitamin] capsule might never have been invented."

". . . many of our foods spring from soils which have been overcultivated or underfertilized or both, yielding vegetables and fruits below standard in vitamin-mineral content."

Several leading nutritionists who were queried about these statements described them as misleading or untrue. Other statements from the book on the subject of diet brought flat and indignant rebuttals.

Referring to Fredericks' claim that "there is usefulness in vitamin A intake far beyond your minimum requirements . . . ," one authority wrote: ". . . absolutely no scientific basis in fact. To the contrary, it has been well demonstrated that a vitamin intake far beyond minimal requirements may result in severe toxicity due to vitamin overdosage."

And again: ". . . the 100,000 units of vitamin A daily [which Fredericks says is reported to be helpful in the treatment of acne] is a toxic dose for infants and children, and may also be a toxic dose in some adults. Numerous cases of chronic vitamin A poisoning have been reported in children, associated with chronic ingestion of 50,000 to 500,000 units per day."

On another point the same expert wrote: "Not only is there no acceptable scientific evidence that 'Vitamin A in enormous quantities—as much as 150,000 to 200,000 units a day—has been very helpful in bronchial asthma,' but such quantities are toxic and can produce severe neurologic damage, skin damage, exophthalmos, and eventually even death."

On pages 200-201 of his book, Fredericks states: "One great cause of deficiency is not named here: That is the factor of *faulty utilization in the absence of disease: the individual does not utilize foods well because of congenital inability to do so* [Fredericks' italics]. From the author's experience with tens of thousands of individuals who respond dramatically to concentrates (*after years on very good diet*), faulty utilization must be very common, for on no other ground can this response be explained. It is particularly interesting to observe the reaction of older people who are given vitamin-mineral concentrates. They do not respond to improved diet—or they have no time to wait for its gradual accumulation of benefits; but the concentrates bring to many middle-aged and aged individuals something approximating a new lease on life."

One expert, a doctor attached to one of New York's great hospitals, challenged the paragraph: "Carlton Fredericks has never published a single scientific paper to support his contention that he has experience with tens of thousands of individuals who respond dramatically to concentrates after years on very good diets.... There is absolutely no scientific evidence to support his contention that faulty utilization in the absence of disease is one great cause of deficiency, or to support his contention that this 'great cause' responds to concentrates but not to improved diet."

Cancer, Heart Disease, Etc.

But the experts' sharpest rebuttals were directed at those passages in the book in which Fredericks relates vitamin therapy and/or diet to the cause, prevention, and/or cure of a wide range of diseases, including such tragic afflictions as cancer, heart disease, multiple sclerosis, and polio. Although Fredericks sometimes tells people that they should consult a physician before taking vitamins for medicinal purposes, he nevertheless gives extensive information on the alleged relation of vitamins to disease. When some excerpts from these sections of the book were sent to a number of leading nutritionists,

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some of the sheets came back with the margins liberally decorated with such statements as "not true," "no basis for this," "wrong—false," and "ridiculous." For example, referring to Fredericks' discussion of cancer, one authority wrote:

"The statement is not true that leukoplakia can be cured with large doses of vitamin B complex or vitamin A.

"The statement is not true that pre-cancerous lesions of the tongue and mouth have been cured by doses of vitamin B complex."

Among comments on Fredericks' opinions concerning heart disease were:

"There is no acceptable scientific evidence that coronary thrombosis could have been avoided with vitamin E or vitamin K."

"There is no scientific evidence to support the contention that vitamin E might safely dissolve a blood clot in a coronary vessel."

And so on.

The Conspiracy Charge

Fredericks is a remarkable and important phenomenon. His targets range from fluoridation to the FDA and his influence is widely felt. Unfortunately, he is far from being alone. A highly active group called the National Health Federation has disseminated information on health and nutrition regarded by many medical authorities and nutritional experts as dubious, while simultaneously keeping up a drumfire attack on Federal enforcement agencies. Like Fredericks, a number of its leading officers and former officers have been involved with commercial vitamin or health-food promotions. A number of them have been the subject of Federal court actions. An FDA report issued in 1963 states that Fred J. Hart, founder and president of the federation, was enjoined in 1954, along with the Electronic Medical Foundation, from distributing thirteen electrical devices charged as misbranded with false claims for the diagnosis and treatment of hundreds of diseases and conditions. In 1961 he was charged with violating the injunction, pleaded "no contest," and was fined $500. V. Earl Irons, cited in the FDA report as chairman of the board of governors, served a one-year prison sentence in 1957 for misbranding Vit-Ra-Tox, a vitamin mixture sold by door-to-door salesmen. Roy F. Paxton, a former director, is the twice-convicted promoter of "Millrue," described by the FDA as a worthless cancer remedy. Andrew G. Rosenberger, who has been listed as "Nutrition Chairman" and a featured speaker at federation conventions, is, according to FDA, "a food faddist and spieler operating under the name Nature Food Centres, at Cambridge, Mass.," who was convicted in 1962 of misbranding dietary products. He and his brother Henry were each fined $5,000 and Nature Food Centres was fined $10,000. Each of the brothers received a six-month suspended prison sentence and was put on probation for two years. The sentences were upheld by the Court of Appeals.

Fredericks, the National Health Federation, and other leaders in the vitamin-health food field often resort to the conspiracy charge to combat their critics. Thus in his book *Nutrition, Your Key to Good Health,* Fredericks states that the FDA has undertaken a "drive against vitamin supplements . . . as a service to the manufacturers of the highly processed foods, who feel rightfully that the act of taking a vitamin supplement is an act of unfaith in their products. . . ." A flier distributed by the New York Chapter of the American Academy of Applied Nutrition, announcing a lecture by Carlton Fredericks that it was sponsoring, says, "Carlton Fredericks unmasks a conspiracy by the Food and Drug Administration and the American Medical Association in collaboration with manufacturers of processed foods to deprive the public of objective and valid information in the field of nutrition." A statement by the National Health Federation reads, "The American Medical Association is attempting to enforce upon the American public an unlimited prior censorship of the press on everything involving health. The top echelon of the AMA and the FDA have apparently joined hands in a deliberate, well-organized, criminal conspiracy to enforce a medical monopoly in all matters upon the American people."

The power of the conspiracy

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charge to demolish critical thought and enlist passionate believers is a potent factor in the success of the vitamin and health-food leaders. It not only serves to discredit responsible medical and government authorities; to the extent that the conspiracy charge is believed, it also removes from the principal figures in the field any onus that might otherwise attach to convictions in court. In this strange upside-down world, every conviction is simply one more proof of the existence of the conspiracy, of its power to suppress the truth.

Meanwhile, both FDA and the AMA's Department of Investigation have long been reporting to the public on promoters of vitamins and health foods. Similarly, AMA's Council on Foods and Nutrition makes available to the public an exhaustive scientific statement on the body's need for vitamins as well as other basic information on nutrition and diet. Their data and reports, however, are called in question or discounted by the growing number of those who have been persuaded that the AMA is itself a key member of the conspiracy.

The Question of Libel

A reputation for being legally belligerent can sometimes go far to insulate one from critical publicity. And if an attack does appear in print, a threat of libel action will sometimes bring about a full retraction. Carlton Fredericks frequently threatens to take libel action against those who disagree with him. So assiduous has he been in this respect that he even writes threatening letters to physicians who have questioned his ideas in private correspondence. One physician who sent a wire to a radio station protesting that information given by Fredericks was a gross misrepresentation of facts received a registered letter from him that read in part: "I am amazed that a member of your profession should find time to write libelous telegrams—I thought you would be too busy causing kidney stones with sulfa drugs, jaundice with thorazine, gonaldal [sic] pathology with the tranquillizers, retrolental fibroplasia with overdosage of oxygen, and cirrhosis with oral sulfonamides in diabetes. . . . your wire is of a character which makes it necessary that I refer it to my attorney for possible legal action. . . ."

Other figures in the field are equally aggressive. In 1959 an organization called the Boston Nutrition Society brought suit against Dr. Fredrick J. Stare, chairman of the Department of Nutrition in the Harvard School of Public Health. It had issued a statement to the effect that enriched white bread is both nutritionally worthless and positively harmful. A worried mother wrote to *McCall's* magazine asking if it was true. *McCall's* referred the query to Dr. Stare, who minced no words in his reply: "These scare tactics are typical of the food-faddist organizations. . . . From a practical viewpoint in most American diets, dark flour and enriched white flour are the same in food value and they both make important contributions to our diet. To imply or suggest that enriched white flour can cause or contribute to the diseases listed in the clipping is a cruel and reckless fraud."

McCall's published this query and reply. The Boston Nutrition Society sued Dr. Stare but not *McCall's*. "Originally," wrote Dr. Stare in the AMA *Journal*, "it seemed strange to me that I, rather than *McCall's*, was being sued. But I soon learned that a plaintiff has the choice of suing either the publisher, or author, or both. In suing me it was quite evident that the Boston Nutrition Society was more interested in quieting me as a critic of food quackery, faddism, and nutrition nonsense than in being awarded a large cash award." If the society had hoped, however, that such a tactic would lead to a settlement or a retraction by Dr. Stare, it was disappointed. Dr. Stare defended himself vigorously and went to court. The jury found in his favor after deliberating little more than fifteen minutes.

Unfortunately, the threat of a libel action can sometimes be effective when brought to bear upon scholarly and scientific publications, especially those sponsored by publicly supported societies and universities. Yet these are the publications in whose pages the issue should be fought out and clarified.

Dr. Dena C. Cederquist, chairman of the Department of Foods and Nutrition at Michigan State University, testified feelingly on this problem in hearings on health frauds and quackery held in March, 1964, by a subcommittee of the Senate Special Committee on Aging, under Senator Harrison A. Williams, Jr. She described a paper written by Kenneth L. Milstead of the Food and Drug Administration. "Dr. Milstead presented a clear, concise, descriptive paper relative to food faddism at the American Dietetic Association meeting in Miami in October of 1962," said Dr. Cederquist. "He submitted this paper for publication first to the Journal of the American Dietetic Association and secondly to the Journal of the American Medical Association, and both organizations refused to publish it, a paper full of facts. They refused to publish it for fear of being hauled into court in one of those long, drawn-out lawsuits that Dr. Stare [a previous witness before the committee] was talking about, and so this very valuable bit of information which should have gone to all practicing dietitians in the United States, and could well have been read by all physicians, was not made available for publication."

Dr. Cederquist also described to the committee a review by Adelia M. Beeuwkes, associate professor of public health nutrition at the University of Michigan School of Public Health and past president of the American Dietetic Association, which appeared in the association's *Journal*. It criticized certain leaders in the vitamin-health food field. ". . . it is my understanding after this review was printed in the Journal of the American Dietetic Association," said Dr. Cederquist, "they were threatened with the kind of lawsuits the association felt it could not afford to take. So Miss Beeuwkes retracted the truth, and this is the position in which I find myself as an employee of the State. My salary is paid by the State of Michigan to teach, and yet on advice of our lawyer at the university, I did not write a criticism of the book 'Calories Don't Count' [by Dr. Herman Taller], for he said I would be liable and we simply could not afford this kind of thing."

The Limits of Control

The outpouring of dubious information in the health field, abetted by

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the nation's mass media, poses a social problem that no effective machinery or program has yet been devised to meet. For one thing, the publication of books, regardless of the truth or falsity of their contents, is quite properly protected by the First Amendment.

The dissemination of dubious health information cannot be acted upon by two of the most important Federal regulatory agencies, except under certain conditions. FTC can act on false or misleading statements in this field only if they are made in advertising and promotion; otherwise it is powerless. FDA can act if such statements are made in connection with a commercial or sales activity for specific products, which makes it possible for FDA to regard the statements as labeling for the products. When writings and broadcasts are not used in direct connection with the sale of such products, they are beyond FDA's reach.

But what about the air waves and the Federal Communications Commission? "It is the public's interest which must prevail," FCC Chairman E. William Henry said recently in describing FCC's view of how the air waves should be regulated. But with specific regard to Carlton Fredericks, is no public interest involved when a person who has been convicted of practicing medicine without a license, and who has never taken a course in the science of nutrition, is called "America's Foremost Nutritionist" and goes on the air waves to "educate" millions of people about their health? Faced with this question, Henry and his administrative assistant, John F. Cushman, said that they were familiar with Fredericks' career. Cushman explained that FCC's powers extend only to licensees—that is, broadcasting stations—and not to individuals who appear on the air. It is difficult to see what part of the Federal Communications Act, or what commission rule, if any, a licensee might be violating by airing broadcasts such as those of Carlton Fredericks. The so-called fairness doctrine, involving the allotment of "equal time" to both sides of a controversial issue, would obviously be inappropriate in the area of scientific information.

A more direct approach is conceivable. Chairman Henry stated that despite the problems involved, it was his opinion that if a program involving false information were being offered to the public in the field of health, and if the licensee were fully apprised of this fact, FCC possessed adequate power under the existing statute to take action against the licensee. "It would be difficult," he said. "Nevertheless, it is within the reach of our powers under the present law." Cushman explained that such action would have to be taken under the general provision of the law that requires broadcasters to operate in the public interest.

Both the chairman and his aide pointed out that in enforcing its

"public interest" mandate, FCC usually initiates an investigation and takes action only when it receives complaints. It has received no recent complaints about Carlton Fredericks and the matter has therefore lain dormant.

Whether such a criterion of action falls substantially short of fulfilling FCC's function of protecting the public interest is a question worth exploring. For example, the Food and Drug Administration sent FCC a courtesy copy of the March, 1965, Federal court decision in the Foods Plus case, in which the court found that information on health matters disseminated by Fredericks on the air had caused forty-two of the firm's products to be misbranded. This might have been considered adequate reason for FCC to launch an investigation into all phases of Carlton Fredericks' background, qualifications, and activities, complaints or no complaints.

Also, FCC requires every radio station to demonstrate that its programming has met the test of public interest as a condition for the renewal of its license. The burden of proof rests with the licensee. Under these circumstances, one wonders if the commission should not have circulated the court decision to its licensees, along with other basic information on Fredericks. When asked about Fredericks, James McAleer, director of programming for Radio Station WOR in New York, where Fredericks' program is broadcast, at first denied that Fredericks had a court conviction or that he had never taken a course in nutrition. When told that the record showed otherwise, he said: "You are making a mountain out of a molehill. It's a great program. We pack people in here with it in the afternoon. I wish I had time to give you my philosophy about these things."

In a showdown, the only thing the commission can really do to assure the discontinuance of a specific program that it regards as contrary to the public interest is to take the station off the air. This is a grotesque method of procedure. One of the most important lessons of the current wave of health misinformation may well be that the Federal Communications Act, written in 1934, needs to be studied and redrawn to give FCC more precise tools to carry out more effectively its mission of assuring the primacy of the public interest.

This is one of many issues which seem to indicate that a full-scale Congressional investigation of the dissemination of false and misleading health information in the United States and its relationship to the multimillion-dollar vitamin and health-food industries would be in order. If and when such an investigation is launched, one can only hope that the investigating committee will show more curiosity about the leading figures in the vitamin and health-food field than Senator Long's committee evinced last April in the remarkable career of Carlton Fredericks.

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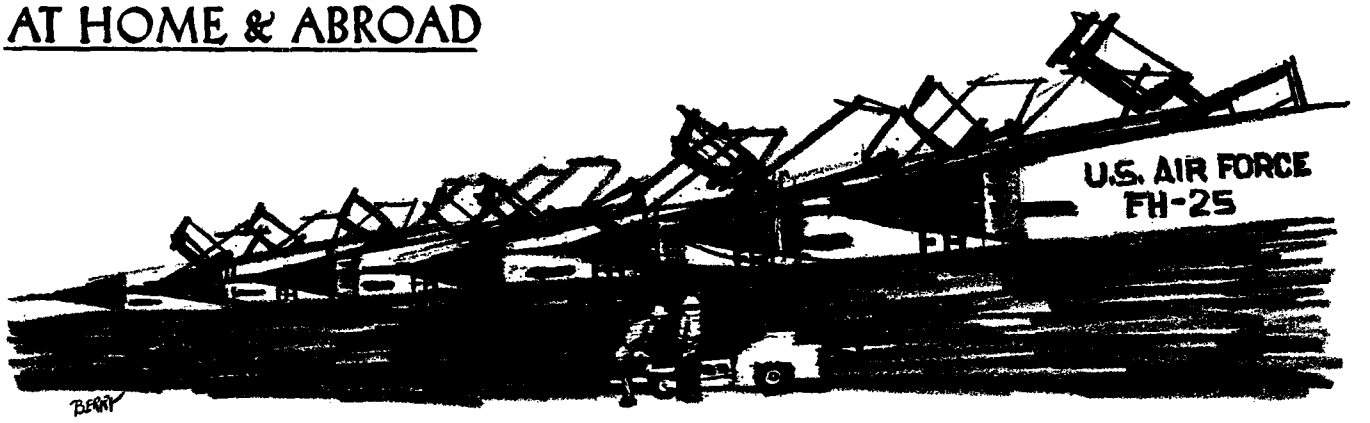

The Stepped-Up War

I. The Battle Over Tan Hiep

EDMOND TAYLOR

SAIGON

DURING a recent tour of the Mekong Delta, I was waiting for transportation at a small U.S. airstrip surrounded by canals and paddy fields when Lieutenant Gary Walters, the pilot of an Air Force FAC (Forward Air Control) plane, invited me to fly with him on a supporting mission against a band of Vietcong guerrillas in a nearby area. The role of the FAC pilots, I had been told, had proved vitally important in the kind of war we are fighting in Vietnam. I had already been briefed on the operation in which Walters was now taking part. Though the battle in progress was a relatively small-scale affair, I knew that in the local context it had unusual psychological and political importance. Above all, flying over the battlefield with Walters and observing the engagement from the air would offer me an opportunity to form an opinion on one of the most controversial issues of the war in South Vietnam: the real value of air power as a counterinsurgency weapon, especially in the form of strikes by high-speed bombers or fighter-bombers against elusive guerrilla forces in densely inhabited regions like the Mekong Delta.

It was about 5 P.M. on November 18 when Walters strapped me into the rear seat of his little two-seat L-19. The action I was going to watch had begun in the early hours that morning with a hit-and-run attack by a reinforced Vietcong battalion on the small airstrip of Tan Hiep, about forty miles southwest of Saigon. The Vietcong, who in this area are normally scattered about the countryside in small groups, had assembled south of the strip during the early part of the night, had dug themselves into foxholes only fifty yards or so from the defense perimeter of the base, and a few hours before dawn had opened up with heavy mortar and automatic-weapons fire. The South Vietnamese Rangers guarding the airbase suffered a number of casualties, and women and children were killed in the dependents' quarters. Several small U.S. aircraft and a number of military vehicles had been destroyed; a fire was still smoldering in one corner of the base when we flew over it the next afternoon. The Vietcong lost thirty-three men when they tried to storm the perimeter defenses, and they undoubtedly had some casualties from artillery fire; I counted numerous shell craters among the shallower pockmarks of their foxholes. Still, the main Vietcong force had slipped away before daylight, taking their wounded and probably some of their dead with them; from their viewpoint the attack had been up to that point a brilliant success.

An Eye for an Eye

To maintain the confidence of the civilian population in an area theoretically under government control and to keep up the morale of their own forces, the South Vietnamese area commander and his American advisers had to find the marauders and retaliate. The risks in such a pursuit were considerable, however, and success was uncertain. The normal ratio of regular government to Vietcong forces in this part of the delta is about 1:1. Military classicists maintain that an insurgency cannot be put down unless the guerrillas are outnumbered 4 to 1. (The U.S. command in South Vietnam is now struggling laboriously to achieve an eventual over-all ratio of 5:1.) By swift and expert use of available American air power, chiefly in the form of transport helicopters, it had been possible before mid-morning—only a few hours after the first mortar shells began to hit the Tan Hiep base—to concentrate in the vicinity a government reaction force that outnumbered the enemy by perhaps 3 or 4 to 1.

These were all the troops that

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could be spared from essential local security missions throughout the upper delta area, but, as the American adviser in a nearby command headquarters explained to me, the force was not quite large enough to assure success and avoid serious losses. There was, moreover, the possibility that the Tan Hiep raid had been launched by the Vietcong mainly to draw off and pin down government forces in preparation for other attacks aimed at opening up a secure route for sending rice and reinforcements from the delta to the Vietcong main force in the highlands. The U.S. officer who briefed me recognized that the pursuit action was vital but was worried because his area commander had been obliged to contribute half his regulars to it. "Let's hope we don't lose a lot of our men in some ambush," he said.

By the early afternoon of November 18 it began to look as if the pursuers had little chance of catching up with the fleeing guerrillas before dark—unless the Vietcong were lying hidden somewhere among the paddy fields and the coconut groves that make up the delta landscape, waiting to spring a well-laid ambush on them. About 2:30 P.M., however, government ground patrols ran into the Vietcong rear guard and the second phase of the action began. Though the enemy force had already started to split up, the largest part of it was still intact, and the government area commander directing the pursuit called for air strikes.

Walters had already flown one mission, marking targets for the fighter-bombers and reporting the results of the strikes, before we set off together. The Vietcong were getting a good clobbering, he told me, but were still full of fight. The government forces were meeting stiff resistance and Walters himself had run into heavy ground fire.

My first glimpse of the battlefield was not especially impressive, but I could easily reconstruct the various stages of the action from the landscape spread below me in the slanting evening light. The battered airbase and the pitted condition of the bordering fields told the story of the previous night's raid. Gaps in the two long files of stalled trucks on the main highway to Saigon running a few miles west of the base showed where the enemy had blown up a bridge or culvert to hamper the movements of an anticipated reaction force. To the north, the large smoke cloud hanging over a sizable coconut grove checkered with green paddy fields marked the main enemy position. Two or three smaller smoke clouds several miles apart indicated that splinter groups of marauders had been located and were also being hit from the air. Otherwise the landscape seemed empty. Yet there was a murderous fight going on down there and I picked up scraps of it from Bad Man, Maverick and the other code-named units whose deliberately unemotional reports crackled in my earphones.

Finding the Target

As Walters circled lower around the edges of the smoky area, I began to notice small puffs and streaks of fresh smoke repeatedly forming near the ground and then melting in the general haze; several times a fiery miniature comet arched up from a paddy field and plunged into the trees. A bit later, I had a fleeting impression of swift little blurs, as if seen out of corner of the eye, that materialized in mid-air and instantly vanished. They seemed too impalpable to be menacing.

Walters appeared to be searching for some target. On one of our slow swings around the battle area I saw an insect swarm of helicopters hovering a little below us and squarely over what I assumed to be the main enemy position. I was puzzled until I saw the ground erupt in a horrid bubbling geyser of dull reddish fire surrounded by a dense chalk-white smoke that I remembered from another war. Then I understood. The helicopters I had seen were U.S. Army Cobras, powerful machines armed with six machine guns and carrying a load of bombs in dangling containers. Those they had released in this action were special anti-personnel bombs that scatter incandescent fragments over a wide area when they explode; the tiniest of these will burn a hole through a man's flesh to the bone.

It was a relief to hear the all too human note of irritation in the voice of the American adviser attached to the government unit close to the rim of this inferno. The Cobras had dropped their load much too near our own troops, he complained. He didn't want any more air strikes for the time being; he wanted the unarmed transport helicopters that were hovering around to come on in without further delay; he wanted fresh ammo before his men ran out and he wanted his wounded lifted away.

The helicopter resupply mission was given priority, and air strikes on the main target were suspended until its completion. Walters was diverted to a secondary target, some clearings in the coconut groves on either side of a wide canal several miles to the north. Other pilots had detected suspicious movements there and had spotted what appeared to be freshly dug foxholes. Walters's mission was to mark the center of what appeared to be an enemy-occupied area for the high-flying jets.

There was no difficulty in finding the suspected target, and after circling it just once, Walters went into a steep dive that seemed to point us straight at the earth. There was a loud report, alarmingly close to my ear. The little plane bucked viciously, and we pulled out of the dive into a fast, banking climb. Rather to my surprise, we seemed to be intact except that one of the two slender rockets fixed under the left wing was missing. Leaning out of the cockpit and looking over my shoulder, I saw a smoke plume rising from the clearing where the rocket had struck.

WE BARELY had time to pull away before the jets came in: three silvery fighter-bombers streaking in single file across the sky, high above us. I thought at first they had failed to see Walters's marker, but a second or two after the last one swept past, black smoke billowed up from the clearing, there was a tremendous explosion whose shock waves buffeted our plane, then another and another and another. When the smoke cleared a little, I saw two gaping craters in the clearing, one quite near our marker. (The bombs, I heard later, had been five-hundred-pounders.)

Walters felt that the hits had been a little too scattered and finally announced that he was going to drop a colored smoke grenade to indicate

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the outer limit of the target area. The grenade was about the size of a large beer can and Walters tossed it out as casually as if it had been an empty. I was little puzzled when he turned around to me with a grin that seemed to say, "Well, we got away with it this time." I could see no drama in this operation, whereas the rocket firing had impressed me vividly. Later Walters explained that there was relatively little danger in marking ground targets with the smoke rockets because you didn't have to get very close to them. To place the grenade accurately by hand, however, you had to fly almost straight over the target, not too high —a hairy experience if there happened to be any automatic weapons aimed up at you.

A few weeks earlier, Walters had been brought down in just this way. As he was marking a suspected Vietcong position along the banks of the Mekong a little lower in the delta, a number of hidden Vietcong let go at him with everything they had. He managed to crash-land on a mudflat with one wing on fire, but as he jumped out of the still-moving plane it spun around and struck his left wrist, temporarily crippling him; his passenger, an Air Force captain, suffered a bad arm burn. The two men immediately came under heavy fire from the bank and jumped into the river. Since they could not swim with their boots on, they waded out until only their noses were above water and stood there for nearly three minutes with bullets whipping close to their heads until an armed rescue craft picked them up.

If there were any enemy gunners beneath us this time they failed to show themselves and no more tracers came our way, though we remained in the area for nearly an hour, dropping one other smoke grenade and firing two more rockets at different sectors of the target. The jets returned every few minutes, dropping fragmentation or high-explosive bombs with what seemed to me remarkable accuracy. Several times bombs landed in the canal, throwing up tremendous fountains of spray, but I gathered this was not accidental; in the radio exchanges between Walters and the jet pilots there had been mention of a suspect native sampan moored along the bank.

The sampan was never hit directly as far as I could make out, but after a while I noticed it was no longer there. Whether the bombing had killed any guerrillas—assuming there actually were some in the vicinity—was impossible to tell. Recalling my personal impressions during the Battle of France in 1940, when Hitler's Luftwaffe dominated the skies of Europe—though not so absolutely as we dominate those of Vietnam today—and everything that moved on the ground, or did not move, was a potential target for it, the answer did not seem vitally important. The feeling of helplessness that comes over even battle-hardened troops when they are hit day after day from the air without being able to hit back, without ever being able to relax in complete safety, even for a few minutes, is peculiarly demoralizing; with every crash, with every shock wave one feels a little more doomed. Even watching from the air I felt myself shaken, morally as well as physically as I tried to imagine what it would be like down there with tons of bombs falling around me in clusters.

A Modest Victory

It was dark when we got back to our base, though the strikes were still going on. Walters said he was sorry the resupply mission had held things up and that consequently he hadn't been able to show me any real excitement. I thanked him and said that I had found the experience exciting enough. In a strictly literal sense it was true there had not been much to see: merely a few planes and helicopters in the air, occasional bursts of smoke and flame in a seemingly abandoned landscape, the earth spinning like a flat disk from time to time as we dove at it, or rising like a tilted wall as we wheeled away. All the same, the two hours I spent aloft with Walters had been immensely instructive, besides being exciting.

I did not need to be told that the Vietcong had been hurt by the clobbering, as Walters put it, that they were getting from the air; it would be a long time before the image of that hellfire landscape after the Cobra strike faded from my mind. I knew, too, that the strikes had served to pin the enemy down for several hours while the units of the government reaction force were taking up blocking positions and coming in closer and closer. The enemy would not find it easy to break contact and melt away during the night as they had no doubt once hoped to do. The flare ships would take up where the FAC's had left off and the strikes would continue, if necessary, throughout the night. In fact, as I was to learn later, the engagement lasted until the evening of November 19; by then the U.S. officers with the ARVN (government) ground forces had counted a total of 156 Vietcong dead, along with seven prisoners and a number of weapons captured. Some thirty enemy dead were credited to the Cobras alone. Since the Vietcong always carry away their dead when possible, the real enemy casualties were no doubt substantially higher. In addition, many of the wounded would probably die later for lack of proper medical care. Thus, there was no way of calculating the damage to enemy morale caused by our bombing, but interrogation of the stream of prisoners and military defectors—now coming in at a rate of three hundred to five hundred weekly—reveals that our incessant air strikes are a major factor in the growing demoralization of the Vietcong.

All in all, the Vietcong marauders had finally paid a price for the Tan Hiep raid out of proportion to the results achieved by it, important as these had first seemed. A smarting government defeat had been converted into a modest victory. From what I had been able to see I did not think air strikes alone could have thus turned the tables, but I felt fairly certain that the job could not have been done at all without them. Thus, it seemed to me that the question about the value of air power in a guerrilla war was definitively answered. There had, of course, never been any doubt in my mind about the importance of the air arm in the kind of military struggle now being waged against the Vietcong—or rather PAVN (North Vietnamese regulars)—main force in the highlands around Plei Mei, which every day more closely resembles conventional warfare in the jungle. I had, however, often heard French—and occa-

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sionally American—experts on guerrilla warfare criticize our heavy reliance on air power in dealing with a classic insurgency situation such as that which we face in the delta. These criticisms had once made a considerable impression on me, all the more so because they fitted in with my own limited observation of guerrilla warfare in Southeast Asia during the Second World War, and later in Algeria. Since my visit to the delta, and particularly since my flight with Walters, they impress me much less. It is hard to feel as confident as some American observers that air power—in its broadest sense, including our air transport capability, the Cobras, and the carrier-borne jets of the U.S. Seventh Fleet cruising in the South China Sea—can fully make good our shortage of ground forces, but I suspect that without it, we would already have suffered a worse defeat in Vietnam than the French did, and for many of the same reasons.

The Moral Responsibility

Though it seems that the unfavorable political repercussions of our air strikes in densely populated areas have sometimes been exaggerated, no responsible observer here thinks they are the best way of winning friends among the South Vietnamese people. And the moral objections to our bombing policy are simply unanswerable. True, the U.S. Air Force takes every possible measure to limit the suffering our strikes inflict on the civilian population—U.S. officials here now believe that more civilians are killed, and more buildings destroyed by government artillery fire than by our air attacks. But unless we accept defeat, it is impossible to achieve the military results that must be achieved without sometimes killing or maiming women and children, destroying churches and temples, wiping out villages, creating new refugees that the South Vietnam government and American relief agencies will have to care for. U.S. policy in Vietnam is not to hit villages unless our forces have been fired upon, and then only under FAC control. But apart from the fact that the Vietcong frequently mount their ambushes on ground forces in or around such communities, there are numerous well-attested reports by refugees and defectors from all over South Vietnam that the Vietcong often fire deliberately from built-up areas to provoke air attack. In a number of cases the Vietcong are said to have mounted anti-aircraft guns as close as they could to Catholic churches, Buddhist temples, or Confucian pagodas so as to be able to accuse the Air Force of wanton destruction.

As far as I could make out, the map did not indicate any village or hamlet in the particular area that Walters was marking for the jets to hit, but in the delta wherever there are coconut groves there are usually huts scattered among them, with people living in the huts, and with water buffaloes or other animals on which their livelihood depends roaming around them. I wanted to ask Walters what he thought about this aspect of his mission, but I lacked the courage. One of the atrocious things about this atrocious war is the burden of moral responsibility it puts on the shoulders of the young Americans who are fighting it, and, judging from what I have seen, trying to fight in the least inhumane way possible. Like the burden of risk, the burden of moral responsibility falls particularly heavily upon the shoulders of a relatively small number of Americans. One cannot help wishing that both responsibilities were more widely shared by the American people. But since we have to go on fighting an atrocious war until victory—unless we prefer to vanish from the stage of history as a world power—and since we cannot fight it without killing innocent Vietnamese civilians as well as losing irreplaceable young Americans, one cannot help wondering whether it would not be better to hit the enemy harder than we are presently hitting him in his own homeland, and to spare a little more than we do those areas where we cannot destroy him without also destroying our own friends or potential friends—and their wives and children and buffaloes.

II. The Price of Victory

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

IF THE United States had not intervened directly in the Vietnam war last spring, the Vietcong would have won. Now that the danger has passed, this is admitted here quite freely. As late as June or even July, there were fears that the U.S. buildup would come too late and that a major reverse in the High Plateau might destroy all that was left of the Vietnamese will to fight. Today the change for the better, both in terms of morale and the U.S.-Vietnamese capacity to resist military defeat, is immense. No one who has seen the mass of American men and materials pouring over the beachheads at Cam Ranh Bay and into Saigon, Danang, and Qui Nhon can seriously believe that there is now any possibility that the United States will be thrown out by main force.

But to equate a coastal military buildup with military victory, or to assume that because the tide is not running out it must be running in, is to misunderstand the complexities of this politico-military situation. The National Liberation Front and their backers in Hanoi still have much room for both political and military maneuver. Their confidence in victory seems unshaken, and, far from retreating from the strengthened American effort, they seem determined to come out and fight. While this may yet prove their undoing, it is also a warning of the difficulties and the bloodshed that lie ahead.

In the past year the Vietcong demonstrated an astonishing ability to double and redouble their main-force units while substantially increasing their guerrilla capacity, and to arm and equip these forces with imported Communist-bloc weapons and ammunition. It has long been recognized that manpower and some materials could be infiltrated along the Ho Chi Minh trail, but that more than 100,000 men should have been rearmed and re-equipped from

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outside the country while the Seventh Fleet and the U.S. Air Force stood guard is scarcely credible.

Arms and Men

Charges are again being leveled against Cambodia that most of the supplies came through Sihanoukville and were trucked to the Vietnam border, but this is not the whole story. While some arms have undoubtedly come in from Cambodia, the bulk—at least in the south—has arrived by sea through unloading points spread along the coastline. Two of these, in Phuoc Tuy and Kien Hoa Provinces, are scarcely more than fifty miles from Saigon. According to prisoners and defectors, to speed operations, supplies are often packaged so that they can be dumped in the water and picked up at leisure. To provide protection for their gunrunners, the Vietcong in Kien Hoa have taken the added precaution of fortifying the mangrove swamps on the seaward side.

The American and Vietnamese authorities are also well aware of a regular overland coolie gunrunning route from Kien Hoa. "When supplies are moving along the route, the Mekong Delta is as busy at night as an ant's nest," said an American colonel. "We order a curfew but we don't have the means to make it effective. The dogs bark, but the guns go by."

The days when the Vietcong were armed with homemade rifles firing wooden bullets seem terribly remote. Now it is all 75-mm. recoilless rifles, 12.7-mm. heavy machine guns with anti-aircraft sights and mountings, Chinese 7.62-mm. submachine guns, and Soviet snipers' rifles with telescopic sights. Gun for gun, the Vietcong regulars are as well equipped as their South Vietnamese or American counterparts. They mount their ambushes with portable rocket launchers. Their mortars are deadly. Even guerrillas in the delta have started using bazookas and recoilless rifles against posts held by Vietnamese militia with antiquated rifles and equipment. "They've got so damned much they sometimes don't even bother to pick up American weapons," one U.S. adviser commented. Even their personal equipment does not suffer by comparison. Stock issue includes a mosquito net, hammock, waterproof sheet, nylon raincoat, three changes of underwear, a gray and a black suit, and a uniform.

Nevertheless, the Vietcong still have obvious weaknesses. They lack rapid mobility and are weak in support firepower. When their long-expected wet-season offensive failed to materialize, Saigon's pessimism turned again to premature optimism. It seemed that the National Liberation Front and Hanoi had realized that the gate had slammed in their faces just as they were on the threshold of victory. Phase 3 in the Mao-Giap war books calls for mobile and conventional war, and the concentration of substantial forces for major attacks. This, it was assumed, was out of the question; the Vietcong would revert to small-unit actions designed to protract the war to the point where the United States and world opinion would grow tired of it all.

No one questioned that Hanoi would decide to continue the fight. Nothing from any source implied a desire to negotiate on acceptable terms. "The Vietnamese people are resolved to fight the U.S. aggressors until final victory, even if they have to fight for another five, ten, twenty, or more years," Nguyen Khanh Toan said in a speech to the Vietnam-Soviet Friendship Association in Hanoi in November. But he merely confirmed what diplomatic and other sources had already indicated.

New Tactics

What caused real surprise, however, was Hanoi's determination not only to continue harassing attacks but to channel the momentum of its wet-season buildup into a major dry-season offensive. It had apparently escaped the notice of the tacticians, who were too busy with their plans for future campaigns to study the lessons of the Indo-China war, that the Vietminh's master strategist, General Vo Nguyen Giap, had never mounted a wet-season offensive, or that flooded rivers and tracks made such an offensive all but impossible. Year after year Giap fired the opening rounds of his new offensives in November, using the rainy season to make his laborious and difficult redeployments. (To be sure, the monsoon season, though ended in the south, is still under way in the north, near the 17th parallel. It remains to be seen when the full offensive will be mounted.)

Giap was again running true to form. Early in the year prisoners and captured documents had confirmed the presence in South Vietnam of the 325th Division of the People's Army of North Vietnam. Saigon authorities also claimed the presence of elements of the 305th and 324th Divisions and of the 330th and 338th. Reliable American authorities now believe that the 304th Division, which played a critical role in the battle for Dienbienphu in 1954, and new elements of the 325th have also arrived.

It still takes three months of travel and recuperation to move a major unit down the Ho Chi Minh trail and to commit it to action in the High Plateau region; the present invasion by North Vietnamese troops was obviously planned many months ago, perhaps before Hanoi had any clear idea of what the nature of the American effort might be.

Considering the length of the trip and its hardships, it was by no means predictable that the Vietminh troops would throw themselves so furiously

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into the fight. Their setbacks, at Plei Mei and elsewhere, were highly encouraging to the newly arrived and still green American troops: to the Vietcong these actions hurt, but they were also instructive.

Just as helicopters and the M113 amphibious tractors were regarded as "problems" that had to be overcome—and were, at least in part—so the "problem" of vastly increased American air power and artillery in support of the new ground forces also had to be. The emerging Vietcong tactics call for deeper entrenchment and wider deployment of troops, and also for the quickest possible hand-to-hand engagements so that superior U.S. support firepower will be of no use.

They have not yet proved their point but they have come close to it. A force of 250 U.S. paratroopers surrounded near An Khe would have been wiped out but for air and artillery support. There were times when the siege of the Special Forces camp at Plei Mei was touch and go. More recently two companies of the 173rd Airborne Regiment, which walked into a trap in Zone D, as the main Vietcong base north of Saigon is now known, had fearful casualties in the first half hour of the fight. The Vietcong found hand-to-hand fighting with Americans more difficult than they had expected and pulled out, only to discover that the air and artillery bombardment to which they were subjected was worse. On November 17, during the fighting in the Iadrang Valley west of Plei Mei, 1st Cavalry (Airmobile) troops had a similar experience when one of their companies was virtually wiped out in the initial Vietcong attack and other units of a reinforced battalion suffered heavily.

NOW THAT North Vietnamese units are deeply involved, the Americans must expect these seemingly futile trial-and-error tactics to be repeated. It would be a mistake to jump to conclusions about their costliness to the Vietcong. During the Indo-China war, the French maintained a 7:1 favorable kill ratio, the yardstick by which success or failure is still so unwisely measured, and still lost. The ratio in this war, which fell below 3:1 last year, is at present running between 3.2:1 and 3.9:1. Moreover, if American intelligence estimates are correct, the greater part of the Vietcong main force has not yet been committed. At least sixty per cent, or roughly fifty thousand, main-force troops have not seen action in recent months.

This was precisely the sort of situation that existed at the end of 1953 when Giap began his last campaigns of the Indo-China war. Giap maintained the initiative during this period and consumed the French reserves waiting in the Red River Delta by a series of wide-ranging and often costly attacks—through the waist of Laos, into the High Plateau, against the Thai country of northwestern Tonkin, and in the direction of Luang Prabang—in a deliberate and clever campaign which left the French with almost no reserves at all when the battle for Dienbienphu began. Since the countryside is still largely Giap's by default, and all of southeastern Laos remains a privileged sanctuary for reinforcement, rest, and redeployment, his capacity for fighting the big and bloody war that lies ahead should not be underestimated. An even greater cause for concern is the Vietcong's ability to revert to purely guerrilla tactics if the going proves too tough.

Village and Jungle

I drove out by jeep from Danang to a pacification center at the hamlet of Mieu Bong. The hamlet is only four or five miles from Danang and no more than two miles beyond the main military airfield, with its jets screaming off every few seconds for targets both north and south of the 17th parallel. Peasants working their rice and vegetable plots in the populous countryside no longer bother to look up at the planes. The awesome might no longer awes. After the Marines swept through, the Vietcong filtered back and the approaches to Mieu Bong, like so much of the countryside in other "safe" areas, are pacified in name only.

"Were you fired at?" a young American captain inquired. "There were sixteen of them out there yesterday waiting for us in the paddy fields. They fired a hundred and fifty rounds at us."

"Fifty rounds," an elderly and obviously seasoned American sergeant corrected him.

"Fifty or a hundred and fifty, what difference does it make?" said the captain. "It was broad daylight and this place is supposed to be pacified." As if to emphasize his remarks, an exchange of fire began just then on the edges of the hamlet and continued sporadically for the next hour or so. The Marines at Danang are tied down in static defense, with only one battalion in reserve. There and elsewhere, there are simply not enough men for all the tasks in hand.

The great success story of the current period is that of the 1st Cavalry (Airmobile) Division in the Plei Mei area. For the first time in the entire war, it has put into effect the elementary rules of maintaining contact, and better still, has leapfrogged along the Vietcong's line of withdrawal, planting its claymore mines and other booby traps and waiting in ambush. It has taken a heavy toll, but it has also paid dearly.

The U.S. 1st Division north of Saigon has been given the unenvi-

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able task of combing Zone D, always terra incognita for the French and scarcely touched since. I spent a night with the Australian battalion in an operation on the fringe of Zone D and learned something of the difficulties and frustrations that await the intruder. Much of it is dense jungle. Its tracks are booby-trapped and its villages honeycombed with tunnels. Supplies are hidden everywhere, often in the most improbable places.

The Australians stumbled on a dump of fifty sandbags filled with saltpeter in an area of jungle so thick that not even helicopters could remove their find. In another place, an engineer instructed to blow up a well, which also concealed the entrance to a tunnel system, lowered his sixty-pound charge to the bottom, setting off six hundred pounds of high explosives concealed under the water.

Knowing the terrain intimately, the Vietcong maintain only the lightest contact with the intruding forces, signaling their presence by an occasional round of rifle fire and luring their pursuers into well-laid ambushes. Of all the tasks facing the ground forces, clearing Zone D will be the least enviable.

The Mekong Delta has been relatively quiet, but mainly because of the removal of Vietcong main-force units for larger-scale operations in the highlands. Everywhere, however, the Vietcong have put the squeeze on communications, either by increased taxes collected at checkpoints or by preventing the movement of both people and supplies. In May and June they starved Saigon of rice, and there are fears again that something less than a third of the current rice crop will find its way to market.

Stubborn Problems

Given the massive American military presence and its guarantee against a purely military defeat, it is this type of problem, coupled with the widespread decline of rural administration, that gives the most cause for long-term concern. Assuming that the Vietcong offensive is blunted and held and that the American and government counter-offensive, which is not expected before March, makes substantial progress, the prospects are that many pressing difficulties, most of them civil by nature but all intimately linked with the war, will remain.

It is difficult to disagree with an articulate senior defector from the Vietcong's ranks who said that it was extremely important for the government to draw a line wherever possible between the government-controlled areas and those under Vietcong domination. He saw little prospect of victory for the government unless the Vietcong's economic links with the urban and pacified areas were cut and conditions within the pacified areas were made demonstrably better than they are in the regions dominated by the National Liberation Front. "The government must use force to attack and to bomb Front-controlled areas while it carries out its aid program to the people in its own zone," he said. "News of this program will eventually filter out to the Vietcong-controlled areas, while the pressure of attacks and bombings will prompt the people to move to government zones, even though they don't want to part with their land and belongings. Many people in the Vietcong areas are not Vietcong sympathizers. They remain in Front areas simply because they don't want to leave their homes and land. If they leave, the Front won't have any sources of supply except money from the North. Without the rice and manpower provided by the people, how could the Front survive?"

In principle, these ideas are sound. But in fact they strike sharply at the two weakest points in the government's program—pacification and care of refugees.

"Give us time," said an American official when I commented that the pacification program had all but collapsed. "We've only just begun, you know." It was true that the official had just begun, but pacification in all guises has now had priority for four years. Once it was the Strategic Hamlet program. It then became the New Life Hamlet program, Operation Oil Stain (designed to spread like oil on water), and Operation Hop Tac, which was meant to create a *cordon sanitaire* running from Saigon to the Cambodian border, thus breaking the Vietcong links between its jungle and mountain battlefronts north of Saigon and its supply of men, money, and consumer goods in the delta. All have had the same result: failure.

New blueprints of pacification plans are being put forward. The most hopeful of these is the creation of a police field force of 15,000 men, which will perform a lightly armed mobile role, organized by companies but operating tactically in platoons. Since the men are being recruited from the areas in which they will serve, the rural community will have for the first time the benefit of a police presence that they feel is concerned with their own interests.

Once in operation, this force would be responsible for eliminating the remaining Vietcong installations and for controlling its supply movements. The first company, due to move into Long An soon and now running through the toughest of command courses at a new training school in Dalat, looks impressive. That such a force should just be in the process of creation is nevertheless a reminder of how much lost ground still has to be made up.

THIS is also true of the refugee program. At the end of October the refugee total had passed the 700,000 mark. It is expected to reach a million by about the end of the year, and will predictably grow even faster after March when the war is carried into predominantly Vietcong areas.

In theory, the refugee gets seven piastres a day for thirty days, and this may be renewed for a second thirty days. Even when he gets his seven piastres (about six cents), which depends on many factors, including the reluctance on the part of province chiefs to distribute the money, this will buy only the most frugal pickings. There is often a wide gap, sometimes of many months, between the end of the welfare handout and the refugee's resettlement.

As usual, the Americans seem to be more deeply aware of the ramifications of the problem than the Vietnamese are. "These people have made a decision for us with their feet," said one American official. "It will be a tragedy for the entire effort if because of our shortcomings they fail to make it with their hearts."

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The French Elections: Gaullism After de Gaulle

CLAIRE STERLING

PARIS

CONVINCED that nothing and nobody could defeat Charles de Gaulle in 1965, French voters were free during the presidential campaign to consider who and what might replace him at the expiration of his next term in 1972. The dominant issue in the campaign, therefore, was not Gaullism but "*l'après-Gaullisme*" —the problem of how to prepare for the day when this seventy-five-year-old statesman is gone.

It was the only issue on which de Gaulle was truly vulnerable. His style might amuse some of his countrymen and irritate others. But few would willingly exchange what he has given them for what they had before. That France is rich, strong, stable, proudly independent, and at peace for the first time in over twenty years is all the work of a single man, but it is unfinished work. If the state he has created functions with admirable precision, it is still far from having a juridical, constitutional, and political structure that would guarantee its continuity without him. There is no one in sight who could carry on his unique dialogue directly with the French people, and no authentic mass party to translate the popular will (the combined membership of all non-Communist parties comes to less than 1.5 per cent of the population). In unscrupulous hands, the vast presidential powers built into a constitution not yet endowed with adequate checks and balances might become a menace; in mediocre hands, the whole structure might quickly crumble. What worries a lot of people here is that when de Gaulle goes, the best of everything may go with him.

IT WAS NOT until well along in the campaign that the opposition detected this breach in an otherwise unassailable fortress. Till then, the campaign was a sorry affair. Three of the five opposition candidates were not even trying: Marcel Barbu, a building contractor who plumped for more building; Pierre Marcilhacy, an obscure if worthy senator distinguished chiefly for his physical height (he is taller than de Gaulle); and the ineffable spokesman of the French *colons*, Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour, who provided the only comic relief in the proceedings. The other two were trying, but not getting far. Neither François Mitterrand nor Jean Lecanuet became serious contenders until they persuaded a suddenly attentive public that they had no intention of reviving the unlamented Fourth Republic and could put up a legitimate case as the Fifth Republic's eventual heirs.

Not that they found the going easy —Mitterrand in particular. Though François Mauriac had once seen a more youthful Mitterrand as a "character out of a romantic novel," the romance is little in evidence today. At forty-nine the "candidate of the Left," as he calls himself, would strike most observers as a highly practiced politician; and, having served as minister in eleven of the twenty-one cabinets that had attempted to govern France during the Fourth Republic's twelve-year life span, he was a marked man. Indeed, he could not have become the candidate of the Left if he weren't. Of all the forces backing him (Radicals, Social Democrats, Socialists in the SFIO and smaller PSU, left-wing Independents, and Communists), it was the SFIO alone whose approval was indispensable; and few French politicians carry as overpowering a scent of the Fourth Republic as Guy Mollet, the SFIO leader who gave Mitterrand the sanction he had denied to Mayor Gaston Defferre of Marseilles some months earlier.

Mollet's Socialist Party has fallen a long way since the 1950's, when no cabinet of Right, Left, or Center could win a majority in parliament without it. But if it is down to sixty thousand members and twelve per cent of the national vote, it has been Mollet's property since 1946 and he is not inclined to give it up. Defferre had made no attempt to conceal his plans to "simplify French political life" by dismantling the old party fiefs whose eternal quarrels had doomed the Fourth Republic, forming an enlightened modern party encompassing Socialists, Radicals, MRP Catholics, and a multitude of political clubs, accepting whatever was sound in the Fifth Republic's institutions, and going on from there toward something resembling the U.S. Congressional system. Mitterrand, on the other hand, seemed content simply to mark time for Mollet, pending the moment when Mollet himself might pick up where he had left off as one of the last (and most calamitous) of the Fourth Republic's Premiers.

Red Bedfellows

Next in importance came the Communist Party, whose twenty-one per cent of the nation's vote had long been up for sale with no takers. Because Mitterrand welcomed the Communists' endorsement, which had been rejected by Defferre, they were not obliged to put up their own candidate and risk confirming a strong suspicion that anywhere from a quarter to a half of their electoral following would vote for de Gaulle anyway. Beyond that,

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however, their central committee fully shared Mollet's taste for a candidate who showed no disposition to perpetuate the Fifth Republic.

Although the Communist Party has managed to poll an average of nearly four million votes since de Gaulle came to power seven years ago, its membership has dropped to around 250,000 as against a million in 1947, its hold on a prosperous working class has visibly weakened, and its political influence has been discounted, if not disregarded altogether. Compared to the frustrations of living under the Fifth Republic, the days when they could maneuver in the wings of a splintered and tottering parliament look positively golden to Communist leaders.

As things turned out, Mitterrand did not stick to his initial commitments. Midway through the campaign, the carefully vague "five options" he started out with blossomed into an additional "twenty-eight propositions" which precluded any return to a Fourth Republic type of parliament and suggested how he would go about perfecting the Fifth. Far from being dismayed, however, the Communists were moved to "exaltation," to use party leader Waldeck Rochet's word for it. For they could see a chance in the Fifth Republic, as projected by the candidate of the Left, of returning to the really glorious days of the Third Republic's Popular Front in 1936.

Despite the Socialists' (and his own) long-standing anti-Communist bias, Mitterrand declared that the electoral alliance with the Communists could no longer be regarded as the temporary expedient it was originally taken for. It was, rather, the beginning of a lasting partnership. "There are three great historic circumstances in which the Communists have been associated with national reconstruction," he said. "The first was with Léon Blum in 1936, the next with General de Gaulle for the reconstruction of liberated France in 1945. The third circumstance is this one, and I rejoice to have them with me." Eighteen years after their expulsion from the French government and the democratic arena, the Communists had apparently been invited back to stay.

Unattractive as his new allies might be, Mitterrand's hospitality did not necessarily impair his claim to the Fifth Republic's estate. Memories of the Fourth being all too vivid, the electorate's main concern was not so much what the candidates planned to do with the present republic as their chances of ever getting around to doing it. Without the Communist Party, Mitterrand could not muster the numerical strength on the Left to carry out his five options and twenty-eight propositions. With it, theoretically, he could. The choice may not have appealed to fastidious democrats, but it was a choice.

The Lecanuet Alternative

For those who disliked it, Jean Lecanuet offered an unexpectedly interesting alternative. The young, bright, and engaging candidate of the Center was described by the Gaullist newspaper *La Nation* as an intelligent Boy Scout. While the French do not always appreciate Boy Scouts, a surprising number of them took to this one. First of all, apart from serving briefly as Pierre Pflimlin's aide-de-camp, he could not be identified with any of the ex-Premiers and cabinet ministers of the Fourth Republic. Secondly, he was shrewd enough to avoid any personal attacks on de Gaulle. (Only Tixier-Vignancour had found that tactic useful, mostly for its entertainment value. The opening scene of his campaign film, for instance, never failed to draw a laugh: a pretty girl looks into her hand mirror, sees the general's face looming back at her, and drops the mirror in fright. "Zut!" she cries. "Seven years' bad luck.") Finally, he was the sole opposition candidate who gave promise of effecting the transition from Gaullism to "*après-Gaullisme*" without severe and possibly fatal shocks.

Like Defferre, Lecanuet had long been anxious to break through the constricting barriers of party politics. As head of the MRP, he had been ready and eager to merge his own Catholic party in the broad "*rassemblement*" planned by Defferre, and had himself attempted (none too successfully, either) to regroup at least the Radicals, Independents, and MRP into a broader committee of democrats. It was not for want of trying but for lack of backing that he came before the electorate nearly empty-handed. Endorsed only halfheartedly by the MRP (a good number of whose followers were deeply attached to de Gaulle), a small group of Independents, and a smaller dissident faction of the Radical Party, he seemed the candidate least likely to succeed. ("I," quipped Tixier-Vignancour, "am the candidate of the extreme Right, Mitterrand of the extreme Left, de Gaulle of extreme calamity, and Lecanuet of extreme unction.")

Nevertheless, the simplicity and clarity of Lecanuet's appeal caught the sympathy of an audience that Mitterrand could never touch, making such inroads into presumably safe Gaullist territory that the general's campaign strategists were thoroughly alarmed. What Lecanuet proposed, briefly, was a sensible understanding between the moderate opposition forces and the more "constructive" elements in the Gaullist UNR to preserve the Fifth Republic's achievements and correct its deficiencies. "The régime speaks willingly of France and her place in the world," he said. "I do not reproach it. But I would like to see it speak also of the problems of our daily lives, our circumstances, our future. It is neither just nor honest to say that nothing has been done in the past seven years. But we are marching slowly, a lot more slowly than our Common Market partners. . . . Instead of looking constantly at the past, of using the Fourth Republic incessantly as a foil, let us look ahead. What counts is not what we have done or not done, but what we are going to do tomorrow."

Lecanuet's arguments about the Common Market particularly impressed his listeners because they were true. The primary concern of the régime, which inherited an appalling financial mess in 1958 that was worsened by a dangerous inflationary spurt upon the return of nearly a million French *colons* from Algeria in 1962, has been to ensure financial order and stability. It has succeeded brilliantly. France now has $5.3 billion of reserves in gold and foreign exchange; it expects a $1-billion surplus in this year's balance of payments; the franc is solid, the price index practically stabilized,

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the labor force tranquil, the average family income steadied at a comfortable $350 a month, and the budget balanced for the first time in fifteen years.

But the cost of this stabilization has been a check in the nation's formerly rapid expansion: the investment-growth rate has dropped from fifteen per cent in 1961 to four per cent in 1964, as compared with West Germany's rate of sixteen per cent last year. Increasingly aware of the need to stimulate production, the government has begun in the last few months to offer industrialists a number of incentives. The biggest incentive of all is still lacking, however: a French representative in the chair at European Economic Community headquarters in Brussels that has been empty since last June. Unless and until it is occupied again, industrialists here are unable to foresee whether they must allow for two hundred million Common Market consumers or a domestic market of forty-nine million.

On the strength of that argument more than any other, Lecanuet's prospects grew brighter and brighter as he barnstormed from department to department. Towards the end of the campaign, he appeared to be slicing off about two million of what should have been solid Gaullist votes, possibly making the difference between authentic victory and essential defeat for the general.

IT IS BEYOND question that President de Gaulle would regard a bare majority as a defeat—and a possible runoff as so thorough a defeat that he might withdraw from the race entirely. Pride would not be his only motive—the need to finish his own work in his own way would almost certainly count more. Should Mitterrand poll about a third of the vote, and Lecanuet and Tixier-Vignancour another ten per cent or fifteen per cent between them (the latter's ex-Algerian "*pieds noirs*" must not be overlooked), the opposition forces would be in a position to more or less thrust their "*après-Gaulliste*" alternatives upon him. Obviously he would rather take care of the matter himself.

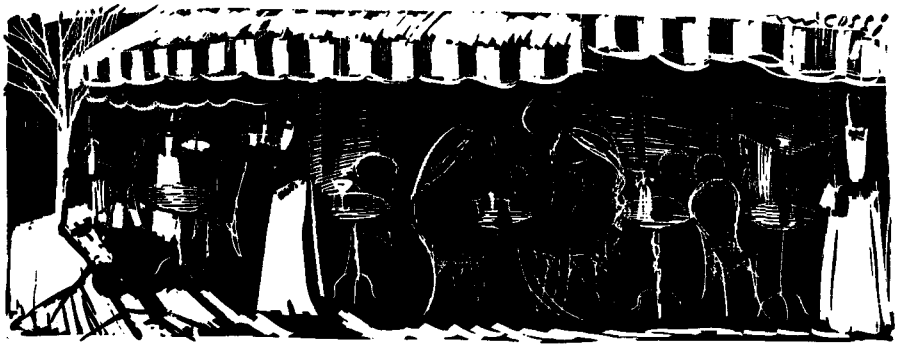
Some of the things he has done could not be undone, whoever might succeed him in the Elysée Palace. If U.S. governmental leaders look forward to the day when France will become its old compliant self, they are wrong. Popular approval for de Gaulle's independent attitude toward the United States was so manifest in this campaign that any candidate who had started out with another idea in mind promptly dropped it. Except for his views on the Common Market, furthermore, the approval evidently extends to his diplomatic policy in regard to Soviet Russia, China, and the Third World, where France now enjoys incomparably greater prestige than any other western power. It is at home that de Gaulle has yet to find an enduring solution that will be proof against any relapse into pernicious instability or political adventurism.

So far, he can be sure that one essential bulwark is firm. As the result of a referendum in 1962, the French have just voted for their President directly by universal suffrage, for the first time in the history of their own or any other democratic nation in Europe. The proposal had outraged the Fourth Republic parties, who saw in it the irrevocable loss of their most precious parliamentary prerogatives. But the French people as a whole have grown inseparably attached to it. In a public-opinion poll taken soon after the referendum, forty-six per cent of those questioned pronounced the principle good, without reservations; the number grew to seventy-four per cent when the same question was asked two years later.

The importance of this innovation is that it creates a strong executive distinct from the legislative branch of the government. It was the lack of that distinction which had permitted the fifteen parties in the Fourth Republic's parliament to make or break governments so casually and so often that almost all their deputies could take turns at holding down a cabinet portfolio. There remains the delicate question of how to go on from here: how to prevent an eventual abuse of executive power on the one hand, and how, on the other, to give the legislative body enough power to legislate—it can do little more than veto at present—but not so much as to carry France back to the tumultuous 1950's.

'Après Moi . . .'

Since de Gaulle rarely takes people into his confidence, little is known of his hopes and intentions. Some say he intends, first, to suppress the obstreperous and unrepresentative senate, chosen mostly by rural notables, and replace it by a consultative chamber representing the industrial "*patronat*," agriculture, and labor. There are rumors that he would also like to transform the UNR, which he plainly doesn't think much of (neither he nor Premier Georges Pompidou belongs to it), into a much broader and more effective "*ralliement*"; and since this would doubtless spur the opposition into doing something similar, the end result might resemble the U.S. two-party system. The resemblance to American practice may grow stronger if, as predicted, he should decide eventually to propose the abolition of the Premier's job, making for a more clear-cut division of executive and legislative powers. Whether he does or not, it is widely believed that he will change his incumbent Premier, not because he does not fill his present role adequately but because he no longer impresses de



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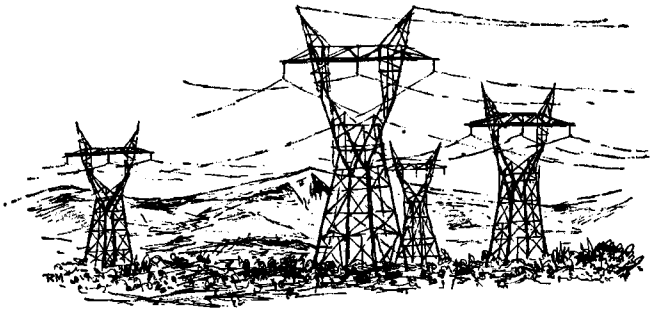
Gaulle as being suitable Presidential material.

It is this problem that reportedly troubles the general most. To avoid a situation in which too many (and too pedestrian) presidential contenders may crowd into the void, he is anxious to groom the best man that France can produce. The field, as he sees it, is limited and in a rather interesting way. First in the running are Cabinet Ministers Louis Joxe, Edgard Pisani, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, and Maurice Couve de Murville. All four have been formed at the topmost echelons of the most superbly trained civil service in the world. Evidently de Gaulle will not consider his country safe until the politics of parliament is assigned to the politicians, and the business of government entrusted to the most skilled of technicians.

Yet there are signs that he may not have an easy time of it, whatever the size of his electoral majority. Politics has run hot in the French blood for nearly two centuries, and after the last seven quiet years, people are beginning to forget the squalid bickering of the 1950's and miss the familiar zest of battle. I came across it in many places during the campaign, but nowhere so demonstrably as in Caen, in the heart of Normandy. I had gone up to hear Mitterrand make a speech in what was one of the richest and most staunchly Gaullist of the French provinces. Detained in a Paris television studio, Mitterrand was two and a half hours late. But an audience of four thousand people, who had driven some miles into the countryside through a freezing rain, waited patiently in the vast unheated meeting hall, gave him an ovation when he arrived, and cheered him intermittently with gloved hands and icy stamping feet for the next two hours. I had no idea how many in the crowd would vote for him, but that was not what mattered. Having accepted a lift back to town from a friendly old gentleman wrapped to the ears in a woolen muffler, I asked him what he thought of Mitterrand. "Him? Not much, one way or the other," he replied. "I'm not a Socialist, never voted for them. Probably never will. But I must say I enjoyed that meeting. We haven't seen anything like that for a long time."



New England's Power Politics

PETER BARNES

FOR FORTY YEARS the dream of converting the tides of the Bay of Fundy into low-cost public electric power has captivated the imagination of engineers and alarmed the private electric companies of New England. In 1935 President Roosevelt attempted to turn the dream into reality. He started construction of dikes in Passamaquoddy Bay near Campobello Island, but he did not get far. Congress, goaded by the New England power companies' charge of "boondoggle," refused to appropriate funds.

In 1937 F.D.R. tried another approach to bring Federal power to the Northeast—his so-called "Little TVA" plan to create regional power agencies in New England, among other places. But the late Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire warned, "If the apparent administration intent to set up a TVA in New England is successful, we in New England will experience the same kind of monkey business, hurtful to the rights of the people, that has characterized the administration of TVA." Congress scuttled Roosevelt's plan. The private utilities again demonstrated their political muscle in the elections of 1938, when the four Connecticut Democrats who supported Federal power were defeated, and the two Democrats who didn't were re-elected.

Since the days of the New Deal, Federal power has come to the Northwest, the Southwest, and the Southeast, without even gaining a foothold in the Northeast. Although power rates soared and more and more industries deserted the region, the New England utilities succeeded in fending off all Federal encroachments on their preserve. Only this year has the Johnson administration finally brought the promise of Federal hydroelectric power and yardstick competition to the New England states.

Authorization by Congress on October 20 of the $300-million Dickey-Lincoln School project, named after two locations along the St. John River in northern Maine, and a 445-mile extra-high-voltage (EHV) transmission grid to carry the power to the Boston area, was no minor feat. Since 1956, the St. John River project had been the non-tidal half of the controversial Passamaquoddy proposals; the river was to supply electricity to fill in the twelve-hour gaps between tides, and the combined product was to be marketed over the same EHV transmission system. Last July, however, Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall separated the St. John project from the Passamaquoddy because the tidal installation showed little chance of emerging from the limbo of financial unfeasibility. By itself, the St. John project could show Congress an eminently respectable benefit-to-cost ratio of 1.86:1; but approval had to be won over an influential alliance of mineworkers, coal-transporting railroads, conservative Republicans, the New England Council, and of course, the persua-

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sive New England private utilities and their associates across the country.

Senator Edmund S. Muskie, Democrat of Maine, who directed the proposal in Congress with full White House backing, recognized that the battle would have to be waged quietly, and above all swiftly. This explains the almost total lack of public debate and indeed, of public awareness, that characterized (as one public-power advocate described it) "New England's war of regional liberation."

BUT THEN, somewhat surprisingly, the project has never attracted wide attention. Among the little-known aspects of the Dickey Dam is its size. Located near the heavily forested Canadian border, the dam will be 315 feet high and, together with the smaller reregulating Lincoln dam, will have a generating capacity of 794,000 kilowatts—one and a half times greater than the Bonneville Dam in Washington and 1.3 times greater than the largest dam in the Tennessee Valley. The two dams will flood fifty-seven miles of the upper St. John and an equal length of the Little Black and Big Black Rivers, while sparing the Allagash, one of the last wild canoeing rivers in the East. The reservoir created by the Dickey will be the seventh largest man-made lake in the United States.

The Dickey Dam's dimensions must be put into perspective in at least one respect: the project's generating capacity, though large for a single dam, will be only five per cent of the estimated New England power market for 1972, the year it is scheduled for completion. Thus, even if it were intended to do so, the Dickey Dam could hardly drive the private utilities out of business. What it will do is provide a fair amount of low-cost base load power for Maine, and supply the rest of New England with a limited quantity of wholesale electricity for the early evening hours of peak consumption at a price some twenty-five per cent below present rates.

But the political and economic leverage that the dam will bring to New England may prove as beneficial as its power; it is this that the utilities fear most. For decades the private power companies have been the most influential single industry in the region. Their combined revenues in 1963 were nearly $900 million; their rates of return have consistently exceeded the six per cent level considered equitable by the understaffed and generally passive state regulatory agencies. Power prices charged to New England consumers in 1964 were twenty-eight per cent above the national average—far higher than the cost of generating fuels would dictate. Even more distressing is the fact that in 1962 New England manufacturers paid sixty-six per cent more per unit for electricity than did industry in the rest of the country. Certainly high-priced power has long been a major factor in the exodus of industry from New England.

Until now, very little pressure has been brought to bear on the New England utilities to lower their rates and expand their sales, to build larger and more efficient plants, to reduce the unwieldy administrative costs that come from a system of small, unintegrated companies, or to utilize resources to the maximum by developing a network of transmission lines and tying them in with extraregional sources of cheap power. The Dickey Dam alone won't accomplish this, but the future Northeast Power Administration, which will be established within the Interior Department to market the St. John River power, operate the Dickey-Boston EHV transmission grid, and push additional Federal power development (including a more efficient Passamaquoddy project), will exert the kind of constructive competitive pressures on the utilities that are long overdue.

Charge of the Light Brigade

Because of the intense nature of the opposition, Congressional approval of New England's first Federal power project was accomplished as much by parliamentary sleight of hand as by clear-cut political majority. On July 9, Secretary Udall submitted his report on the dam to President Johnson. The President, carrying out a 1964 campaign pledge made in Portland, Maine, endorsed the report and sent it to Congress within seventy-two hours. Next, Senator Muskie got the Senate Public Works Committee to include the Dickey-Lincoln School project—without hearings—in the omnibus Rivers and Harbors bill. The bill itself passed the Senate on July 27 by unanimous voice vote; there was not a word of debate about Dickey. The stage was set for a bitter showdown in the House.

It was at this point that the utilities began in earnest to mount a public campaign of opposition to the dam. Most New England newspapers ran strikingly similar editorials condemning the use of the taxpayers' money to build expensive public power facilities when the "investor-owned" utilities could do a better job for less. Of the region's major dailies, only the Boston *Globe*, the Providence *Journal*, and the Portland *Press Herald* refused to back the stand against Federal power.

In mid-August the New England Council, a six-state chamber of commerce with a smattering of labor, governmental, and academic representation, met in Boston to consider the Dickey project. Since 1958 the council's primary political objective has been to obtain the elimination of import quotas on residual oil—the fuel used by the New England utilities in many of their thermal generating plants—which they blame for the high price of power in the region.

Suddenly, though, the council seemed to forget about low-cost electricity. In a statement approved by its executive committee on August 19, the council rationalized its opposition to the Dickey Dam thus: "It would not be a plus factor for recreational or industrial development, and might indeed retard progress in certain of these fields." "With friends like this," Senator Muskie wrote the council's executive director, "who needs enemies?"

The utility lobbyists made sure that Republicans on the House Public Works Committee were fully briefed on the arguments against the project. They visited all the New England Congressmen and, when necessary, sent along representatives of Boston Edison's Utilities Workers Union. They negotiated a truce with the United Mine Workers, their enemy in the residual-oil fight; with John L. Lewis himself taking part, the UMW lined up

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votes against the dam project from the coal-producing states. The fact that the utilities' avowed alternative was not coal but nuclear power and pumped storage did not diminish the intensity of the UMW's efforts.

The House Blackout

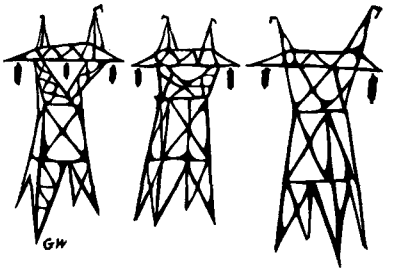
After two days of hearings, the Dickey-Lincoln School project survived the House Public Works Committee by a narrow 18-15 vote. But after a fiery debate in the full House on September 22, a motion by Pennsylvania Democrat Frank Clark to send the project back to the Corps of Engineers for further study was approved 207-185. "There was Boston Edison up in the galleries, ready to put on the pressure," Stanley R. Tupper, a liberal Republican from Maine, said afterwards. "There were more lobbyists on the Hill against Dickey than there were Congressmen." Every New England representative except Tupper, William D. Hathaway (D. Maine), Robert Stafford (R. Vermont), Torbert Macdonald (D. Massachusetts), and Speaker John McCormack, who did not vote, shouted "Aye" to Clark's amendment. Federal power for New England again seemed doomed to be studied to death, and it was the New England delegation, including many Democrats normally in favor of public power, that provided the margin of apparent defeat.

How were twenty out of twenty-five New England Congressmen persuaded to vote against a project that could not help but reduce power costs and attract industry to their region? The question is one that cannot be answered fully without an intimate knowledge of Congressional finances —knowledge that is unobtainable from the innocuous reports on campaign contributions that are filed with the Clerk of the House of Representatives and at the various statehouses.

But the utilities' persuasiveness can probably best be attributed to effective high-pressure selling. For example, Representative Oliva Huot, a freshman Democrat from New Hampshire, was told that if the St. John project were approved, the Public Service Company of New Hampshire would lose its hydroelectric licenses on two interstate rivers. The assertion led Huot to vote against the Dickey-Lincoln School project on September 22; later he found the claim to be baseless.

Only through an almost unprecedented parliamentary tour de force did Senator Muskie finally manage to rescue the dam. It would not have been enough merely to restore the Dickey project in the House-Senate conference bill, for the House almost certainly would have voted it out again. What Muskie did was to reverse the customary order in which the two chambers voted on the conference report. In Congressional procedure, the body that last appoints conferees—in this case the House—is first to vote on the conference report, and has the option of sending the report back to conference with instructions to change a specific section. The chamber that votes last on a conference report already approved by the other body can only accept or reject *in toto*.

Thus, after Dickey was restored in the conference committee, Senator



Pat McNamara (D. Michigan), chairman of the committee, managed to prevent the House from physically getting hold of the conference papers—apparently with the tacit agreement of the House Democratic conferees. The Senate therefore voted first on the conference report and approved it. An hour and a half later Senator Margaret Chase Smith (R. Maine) used her position on the Senate Appropriations Committee to tack $1.8 million for the dam onto the Supplemental Appropriations bill.

House opponents were stunned. "This has not been done—and I do not recall that it has ever been done at any time while I have been a Member of this House of Representatives!" shouted Edward P. Boland (D. Massachusetts). But the House on October 20 was faced with a take-it-or-leave-it choice: either accept the Rivers and Harbors bill with the Dickey-Lincoln School project in it or, two days before adjournment, reject it totally and begin the whole conference procedure all over again. One hundred and forty-two projects in the omnibus bill involved two hundred and forty Congressional districts, and the opposition to Clark's new motion to reject the report—Dickey Dam and all—simply melted. That the project probably would not have been authorized if it had not been for Muskie's stratagem was made evident the next day when the House accepted $800,000 of the Senate's supplemental appropriation for the project by a mere three-vote margin.

THERE ARE bound to be more skirmishes over construction money for the dam and the EHV transmission system, as well as over other public-power proposals for New England. But the example of Vermont, where nonprofit power from the New York State Power Authority has already lowered electric rates dramatically, would indicate that the prospects for New England's industries and consumers are good. Even private utilities, as the experience of companies in the TVA region has shown, need not necessarily make less money in an efficient low-cost, high-volume power market. But they will have to build steadily toward that type of a market, or face greater competition from the Federal government and stiffer regulation by the states. (Since the passage of the Dickey project, the Massachusetts Consumers' Council, a state agency, has called for an investigation of the high electric rates in the Bay State; and Vermont's Democratic Governor Philip H. Hoff, long an ardent advocate of public power, has urged construction, through a nonprofit corporation, of a distribution grid connecting all six New England states with the Dickey project and with low-cost hydroelectric power from Quebec.)

Authorization of the project proved that the New England utilities are no longer politically invincible. By a twist of fate, the recent Northeast power blackout proved that they are not technologically infallible either. Their penalty for this double failure should at least be good behavior.

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Heath's Middle Road To Downing Street

LAWRENCE MALKIN

LONDON

"ME-TOOISM" has been a dirty word for the Tories ever since the war, but that has not stopped them from espousing it successfully. Their new leader, Edward Heath, is again trying to move the Tories toward the center of the political spectrum; as an administrative technocrat and political tactician, he realizes there is no other place to go. But when he arrives there he may find that the Prime Minister has already pre-empted that position. Harold Wilson has displayed himself to the nation as a centrist of almost geometric balance by ordering his Minister of Labour to press for union reform, by putting his trade and economic specialists to work on antiquated management, by organizing voluntary wage and price boards, by laying the groundwork in voluntary planning long used on the Continent—and publicly flouting his party's left wing after successfully muzzling its leaders by making them members of his cabinet. His foreign policy is the once reviled "Atlanticism" of the late Hugh Gaitskell. His domestic policy is revisionist: steel nationalization has been quietly shelved, nonwhite immigration tightened up, and land nationalization practically plowed under. On a party television broadcast, he recently addressed the nation without once using the words "Labour Party." The word he now uses when talking about the need to reform industrial relations has a familiar ring to Americans: "consensus."

Toward Competition

There are, in fact, few practical alternatives to these goals for any politician who seriously seeks to govern, because the range of choice open to this once imperial power is painfully small. The objectives are a matter of common agreement: British industry must be made more competitive in both domestic and foreign markets, union and management organization must be rationalized, social barriers must be further lowered to release the talents trapped behind them.

Heath's problem is to devise a method of attaining these objectives in a way that will distinguish him from Wilson in the eyes of the voters. His first step, taken when he succeeded Richard Austen Butler as chief policy planner after the party's narrow defeat a year ago, was to cut loose from the "millstones" of thirteen years of Tory rule, as they were aptly described by the *Times*. By January Heath had thirty-six policy groups and subgroups at work. For the first time, more than half their members were drawn from outside the party—from business, the professions, and the universities. They produced the material for a pamphlet bearing Heath's personal stamp and a carefully clever title: "Putting Britain Right Ahead." In essence, it showed that Heath wants to reintroduce something that the British haven't tried for years: competition.

Upper-bracket income taxes, now among the world's highest, would be cut. The cost of social services, especially pensions, would be transferred in part from the government to the employers, who would get tax relief in exchange. (This means that several million low-bracket workers who pay no income tax at all would end up paying more for some welfare-state benefits.) Industries that get black marks from the Monopolies Commission would be threatened with lower tariffs on competitive imports. Shops would be freed from their Victorian Sunday and evening closing restrictions. Farmers would go off the comfortable price-support system and onto an import-levy system similar to the Common Market's, with both production and prices moving upward. The steel industry, saved from nationalization by a Tory victory, would be put under the loose control of a reorganized government Iron and Steel Board and rationalized out of its currently fragmented state. The heart of Tory domestic policy, however, is a plan to reform labor-management relations. Trade-union law hardly exists in Britain, except for the half-century-old statutes protecting the right to strike. This right is now so widely abused by militants and splinter union groups that industrial relations have become a jungle. Heath wants to set up a Registrar of Trade Unions and Employers' Associations similar to the National Labor Relations Board in America, granting unions official recognition and overseeing their constitutions. Union contracts would be enforceable at law, and a new range of industrial courts would be set up to prosecute violators from both management and labor.

Attracting the Pacemakers

In foreign policy, Heath, the man who almost got Britain into the Common Market, naturally wants to try again at "the first favorable opportunity." In defense, he wants to shed Britain's imperial relics and the Tories' old "East of Suez" policy, something Wilson has already tried and failed to accomplish. In the words of Enoch Powell, the Conservative defense spokesman: "Assuming that Western military power could limit, or be a factor in limiting, the extension of the Russian and Chinese influence in Asia and Africa, we should still have to measure the practical effect of British military effort against the size of the resources it demands and the consequences of diverting them from other pressing uses—defensive or economic."

The Common Market and defense policies, taken together, could in time produce a Tory Britain turned away from the United States and committed to a "Fortress Europe" not too different from that now envisaged in Paris. ("The Socialists will come to power for a brief and disastrous period; then the Conservatives will come back with Heath at their head, and it is he who will bring Great Britain into Europe"—so President de Gaulle was quoted

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by *Le Monde* as saying after the Common Market veto almost three years ago.)

Except for foreign policy, the end product of Heath's domestic program would not differ greatly from the tax, labor, welfare, and other reforms Labour now is at work on, albeit more slowly. But there is one notable omission that represents a break with the Conservative Party's past and the nation's present: not a word is mentioned about planning. The Tories are by no means the historical party of unmitigated free enterprise. In the 1930's they set up an advisory committee to discipline the iron and steel cartel. In 1945 agriculture was promised "stable markets and prices," and the coal, gas, and electricity industries, which Labour soon nationalized in fulfillment of its election pledges, were told that a Tory government would give them "help and guidance." As a young man, Harold Macmillan argued for planning that would recall "that organic conception of society which was the distinct contribution of medieval thought." Here is the essence of old Toryism: a hierarchal society in which the leaders have their place just as securely as the led. The Tories value security as part of stability; hence they could swallow the welfare state and simply argue that they could administer it more efficiently.

But the tone and appeal of Heath's program reveal an even deeper break with the Conservative past. His catchword for the people he is trying to attract is "the pacemakers." His policies are directed at practical men who appreciate the traditional Tory streak of pragmatism but reject, like Heath, its romanticizing of the Empire, the monarchy, and the Church. (If the English were given to that sort of nonsense, these people might be called British Poujadists.) They seem to combine old-fashioned Manchester Liberalism with Midwestern Republicanism. Heath distills their point of view into a thrusting Little England policy which, however wisely it turns its back on the imperial Tory past, sadly forswears the old Tory sense of national purpose.

What is most surprising about Heath's new policies, though, is that he has been able to introduce them at all. The Tories have long been the party of "men, not measures." The basis of their pragmatism is the argument, unspoken nowadays but still distinctly heard in the Etonian drawl, that they have been bred, born, and trained to rule. Heath, a carpenter's son from Kent, clearly can make no such claim, despite his acquired Oxford accent, his early training in an investment bank, and the political patronage of two of his party's truest and bluest aristocrats, Harold Macmillan and Sir Alec Douglas-Home. Heath is trying by his measures to turn the party toward the middle class, for good or ill, but is he the man to make the change stick?

THE FIRST reaction to this question was a remark by Richard Rose, an American-born professor of government at Manchester University: "The Tory Party has no more become the party of the middle classes by electing Mr. Heath as leader than it became the party of the Jews by electing Disraeli one hundred years ago." The comparison is apt. The Sunday supplements never tire of presenting Mr. Heath on the Riviera, Mr. Heath at Glyndebourne, Mr. Heath with friends on Lord Margadale's private island of Islay. The carpenter's son has made quite a conversion.

Against this background—or more cruelly, with his background—Heath put his policies on display before the party at its annual conference at Brighton in October, the first time a conference in modern times has been asked to approve a specific manifesto outside an election year. The reason was clear: Heath needed to commit the aristocrats of the Right to his policies before they could come up with their own.

Tory conferences usually are the comic relief of British political life, with retired colonels, country squires, and their ladies (always in outrageously flowered hats) doing homage to the man they call their Leader (always capitalized). Dissent is virtually unknown. In past years, the Leader descended on the final day of the conference to make a proclamation that rarely had anything to do with what the delegates had been discussing—Macmillan used to start work on his speech weeks in advance. But Heath sat on the platform throughout like the chairman of a board of directors and, wonder of wonders, told the conference that his thinking would be influenced by what he had heard. His ovation was the longest any Leader has received in many years.

Young Turks and Old Guardsmen

It is, however, a more genuine measure of the party's democratization that the only person who dared challenge Heath's authority was the Marquess of Salisbury. He used what was even then an emotional issue—Rhodesia. Heath craftily stood aside and set the former fourteenth Earl of Home to trap him. Salisbury then turned up at a meeting of the Monday Club, an assemblage of the Young Turks of the Right and the old Suez rebels that had dared for the first time to meet at a Tory conference. Formed in 1961 to protest Macmillan's wind-of-change policies in Africa, it now is playing with the idea of offering British nuclear bombs to the Common Market as a price of admission to a confederal and anti-American *Europe des Patries*.

Salisbury was in high spirits. By insisting so vehemently that the Tories were only echoing Wilson's demands for a multiracial democracy in Rhodesia, he provoked Douglas-Home into a denial, thereby dissociating the opposition from the government and shifting it slightly to the right. Heath then chiseled this fissure into a crack by openly criticizing Wilson's negotiations with the Rhodesians—although only a few weeks before he had told an interviewer that Labour and Conservative

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policies on Rhodesia were broadly the same. The fifth Marquess of Salisbury did not even bother to stay around for Heath's final speech; there are limits to *noblesse oblige*.

This was the Salisbury whose Cecil ancestors advised the first Queen Elizabeth, and who, with Churchill, advised the second Queen Elizabeth only eight years ago to name Macmillan Prime Minister. Such is the continuity of the English ruling class, and it is far too early to write its epitaph.

There was, after all, something to be said for that quaint and discredited procedure of "evolving" a Leader from the aristocracy. Though the Chosen Person may have had the insufferable arrogance of the British aristocracy, he also had its unshakable confidence. It was this almost Olympian confidence that permitted Macmillan ("the old actor," as he described himself on bowing out) to push the party steadily leftward during his years of power. Heath still seems to lack it: he is quick—perhaps too quick—to laugh, he is also uncommonly quick to take offense. He has a distant, defensive, often arrogant manner that is clearly reminiscent of Butler, the man who dragged the party into the twentieth century and was denied the party's final prize for his pains.

Back to the Drawing Board

The Right is waiting for a big mistake on Heath's part, and in its eyes there is no greater error than losing an election. Losers are dealt with ruthlessly, and Heath may get only one chance. That chance must come within a year, and at the moment the Prime Minister is tactical master of the field. He holds all the trumps in timing. All Wilson needed to do to dominate the first day of the Tory conference was to make news, and this he most certainly did by borrowing an old Tory trick: he went to see the Queen.

Labour's slender majority in Commons is just as much a problem for Heath as it is for Wilson. If Labour were assured of several years in power, Heath would have time to cement his party, to try out new ideas and new men. Now he must combine short-run tactics with long-run reform, and the opportunities for both are limited—the first by the state of the parties, the second by the state of the country. Unless the opinion polls suddenly start swinging back in his direction, Heath dare not mount a major assault in Parliament lest he bring the Labour government down on his own head. He can only try to wear down Labour's energy and morale by engaging in the same trench warfare he used last session.

But he is caught in the crossfire from the Queen's speech: a burst of bread-and-butter measures including public housing and pension reforms, a tax on land speculation, property tax equalization, an Ombudsman, public and state school reform, and other piecemeal but popular measures that add up to a grand total of at least twenty-two bills. Wilson has once again disciplined his own left wing by dropping steel nationalization; he has filled the role of an international statesman on Rhodesia. Heath, whose troubles with the Tory Right on Rhodesia far outweigh Wilson's with the Labour Left on steel, has reacted by exercising against Wilson that instinct for the jugular which got him the job in the first place. On the opening day of Parliament—against a chorus from behind him chanting "Steel, steel, steel!"—Heath accused Wilson of dropping his socialist principles. Wilson refused the gambit and proceeded to bore the Commons with one hour and seven minutes of facts and figures on the new Labour program. He permitted himself the luxury of only one gibe, and it was directed at Heath's manifesto: "Back to the drawing board, Ted."

THERE is, of course, some justice in Heath's *lèse majesté* that the Queen's speech was merely an "electioneering pamphlet" for Labour. No politician worth the name would do less. The polls themselves are by no means decisive, and the autumn's first two by-elections bear them out. Beneath the Labour margins of ten per cent and more lie much narrower margins in the swing districts. They indicate little change from last year, and perhaps another tiny Labour majority if an election were held now. And they also seem to indicate that the doubts expressed in last year's narrow Labour victory still nag the nation, that Britain still has not made up its mind which way it wants to go in the world.

European Students Strike For Academic Reforms

D. C. WATT

ON JULY 1, West German students demonstrated in Bonn by the hundreds, marching in the streets and calling public meetings not in support of any political party, nor to demand nuclear disarmament or a halt to the war in Vietnam, nor even to insist on their right to use four-letter words on campus. They were demonstrating, rather, to call public attention to the *Bildungsnotstand*, the crisis in university education.

The German students were belatedly following the example set by their Italian and French fellows. In one of many strikes held throughout Italy since 1961, students at the Milan University School of Architecture staged a strike in February, 1963, because their teachers, they said, were too old-fashioned and the examinations given were far too easy. The most spectacular French demonstrations were those staged in February, 1964, at the time of Italian President Antonio Segni's visit to the University of Paris, held to call attention to the disgraceful conditions in which students at the Sorbonne were expected to live and study —conditions, they said, that made the invitation to the Italian President an insult rather than an honor. Premier Georges Pompidou himself admitted that French education still largely followed the educational

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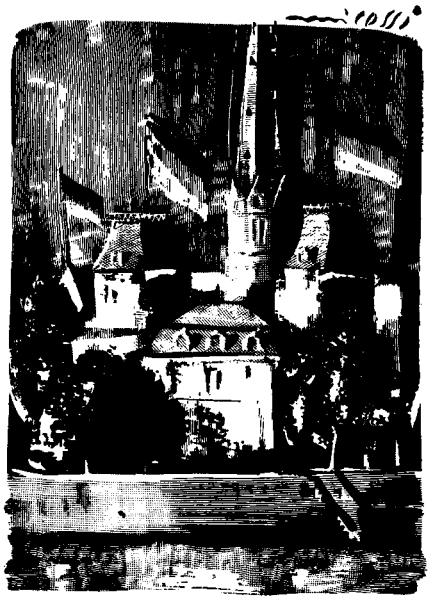
principles laid down by the Jesuits in the seventeenth century.

The German student demonstrations, however, coming as they did at the beginning of the election campaign, were far from welcome to Germany's politicians. In the general pre-electoral rush to dish out money to all pressure groups, a marked feature of the last months of the Bundestag's session, education had come in a very poor last. Indeed, the Max Planck Society, in which a large part of German academic research is carried on, had been faced with a drastic cut in appropriations, and only bitter protests secured a restoration of some, though not all, of the cuts. The Bundestag defended itself by pointing out that in Germany education is not a federal responsibility. Leading politicians were a good deal harsher: former Defense Minister Franz-Josef Strauss, the leader of the Bavarian Christian Social Union, called the student demonstrations a "stupid, swinish joke in bad taste"; Chancellor Ludwig Erhard termed them a "monstrous abuse," and went on to say: "In former times, families believed they must make sacrifices for the education of their members. Today, everything is demanded of the state." The blame for this he laid at the door of "organized social security, which saps the will to succeed among the young"—the theme of conservatives the world over.

DR. ERHARD was, as he must have known, trying to hold back a force that is sweeping all Europe. Since Lord Lionel Charles Robbins produced his comprehensive findings on the future of higher education in Britain, a report buttressed with evidence gathered from many countries and furnished with a mass of statistical material that few but full-time educators have mastered, the pressure to focus public opinion on the need for educational reform has been building up in one European country after another. Nowhere is this pressure felt more strongly than in the universities, and the Robbins Report has become the bible of reformers. In attempting to dismiss this agitation as "abuse," Dr. Erhard was again demonstrating his disagreement with President de Gaulle of France. In his September press conference, de Gaulle promised a continued improvement in the nation's system of education. The new effort will supplement the reform program accelerated several months after the Paris student demonstrations in 1964, a program that had been denounced as "catastrophically" inadequate by the French Federation of Parents.

The Bulge and the Trend

De Gaulle's action came just in time. Whereas in Germany the real felt need is in the secondary schools, where a teacher shortage of about thirty per cent over the next two decades is in prospect and the crisis in the universities is seen by many as less urgent, the situation in the French universities is indeed very



serious. Nowhere is it worse than at Paris, whose hundred thousand university students crowd the lecture rooms so closely that the taking of notes is often impossible and the lecturer can sometimes barely force his way to the podium. With an acute shortage of libraries and study halls, sidewalk cafés are filled with students. There is a fifty per cent dropout or failure rate in the first year. Educationally, Paris is no longer a university but a mob.

One quarter of French university students study at Paris. At first sight, their complaints of remoteness from their professors seem strangely similar to those voiced during the student strikes at Berkeley last year. But most students at Paris would find conditions at Berkeley ideal by comparison with their own. At both universities the top professors may be remote figures, but the California students do get far more instruction and class discussions with the graduate assistants. With an increase of twenty thousand students since 1960-1961 and, perhaps more importantly, an ex cathedra teaching tradition, most students in Paris rarely get to talk to a teacher at all.

France's fifteen other universities suffer greatly from the overwhelming dominance of Paris. Among them, they share three hundred thousand students with more coming every year, for the French population has been expanding rapidly since 1945. At the same time, the percentage of students seeking higher education in France is expected to rise from 2.2 in 1950 to 7.7 by 1970. Those two familiar figures of British academic discussion, the Bulge (in the birth rate) and the Trend (in a greater percentage of the students at secondary schools seeking higher education), are at work in France, too.

The troubles in Europe's universities stem, in fact, much more from the Bulge than the Trend. About one third of France's population is now under twenty years of age, and Germany, Italy, and Britain are facing a comparable rise in the number of schoolchildren. These figures make nonsense of the demands of European educational reformers that Europe's universities aim at providing higher education on the American scale. As Frank Thistlewaite of the new University of Norwich recently pointed out, all the great effort being put into expanding the university population in Britain will merely result in the same proportion of young people receiving higher education in Britain in 1970 as in 1936 —four per cent.

BRITAIN is at least better equipped than are countries on the Continent to cope with the contemporary crisis, and is farther ahead in dealing with it. Its university system is much more flexible; the majority of British universities were founded in the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries, thus escaping the dead hand of medievalism that weighs so heavy on the old European universities.

Since the Second World War alone, Britain has founded twelve universi-

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ties in England and one in Scotland; two more in England and another in Scotland are now in the planning stage. In addition, some eleven colleges of technology were designated this year for enlargement to full-scale universities with royal charters. The new universities are proving, by British standards at least, laboratories of educational experiment, setting the pace and separating much of the intellectual cream of Britain's total annual university population from the older municipal universities, if not from Oxford and Cambridge themselves. Shaken by a falling off in the quality of their students, Oxford and Cambridge are reviewing their own structures with an eye to reform. Oxford is now awaiting the results of all the evidence that Lord Oliver Franks, Britain's former ambassador to the United States and master of Trinity College, has been laboriously collecting over the last two years.

By contrast, West Germany has founded only four universities since 1945, though several more are under discussion. France has founded five, and is in the process of decentralizing the University of Paris with a building program throughout the city. It is not surprising, therefore, that Continental university reformers look with envy at Britain. It is not only the rate of construction and of experimentation that they envy. They also envy British universities their right to set admission standards, a right that means that a dropout or failure rate of much over fifteen per cent is considered alarming in Britain, whereas a dropout rate on the Continent of forty per cent or more is not unusual. They envy the set length of British degree courses, the staff-student ratio that their control of admissions enables them to maintain, their insistence on housing as many students in dormitories or halls of residence as they can, and, above all, the system that grants living expenses as well as tuition fees to all who secure a university place. Continental universities traditionally take every student with the common state-awarded secondary-school diploma (the *bachot* of France, the *Abitur* of Germany). Only last year did some German universities begin to set limits on the length of time a student may choose to spend at a university or the number of times he may present himself for examination. Their victims included an economics student at Tübingen with eighteen years of university study and a law student at Berlin who was about to embark on his seventeenth year.

To control entrance requirements is even more difficult. In 1959 a proposal to raise the standard of the *Abitur* in Germany and deliberately to limit the number of students accepted by the universities was howled down as an invasion of academic freedom. The extensive use of assistants has kept the faculty-student ratio in German universities down to one to thirty-four; but the practice of making permanent appointment as a lecturer dependent on the presentation of a major piece of scholarship, the *Habilitationsschrift,* does not make this easy—and German students echo the complaints of Paris and Berkeley about never coming into any real contact with their professors, just as German instructors echo their confreres at American universities who decry the "publish or perish" standard for tenure.

Spirit, Content, and Method

All these complaints are echoed in Italy, but the Italians are at least doing something about it. In 1962 the Italian Parliament demanded the preparation of a master plan for the development of Italian education to be presented by 1964 and to come into operation in the years after 1965. They faced a fifty per cent increase in the number of university students between 1957 and 1962, and the usual complaints of professorial remoteness. The plan was duly presented in 1964 and legislation went before Parliament this year.

The Italian report even gingerly approached the central problem of European universities, the dominance of the professor and his traditional right to take outside employment—what the Germans euphemistically call the "full-employment problem." Professorial autonomy and academic self-government have been central to the university tradition in Europe since the Middle Ages. Their restoration after the Second World War was to Europeans one of the most welcome signs of a denazified Europe. Yet today, it has become the biggest barrier to reform.

The ideal of a "republic of learning," the German Science Council wrote in 1963, has become an "oligarchy of senior professors." It hinders or blocks the introduction of new subjects, leads to wasteful duplication of effort and research, and so overloads the conscientious teacher with administrative duties as to make it impossible for him to attend even to the few students who do penetrate his defenses and demand his attention. Everywhere university reformers on the Continent cite the structure of an American university with its system of departments and revolving chairmanships. Departments have already been introduced into the Universities of Karlsruhe, Freiburg, and Munich. At the new University of Konstanz there are plans to make a small start in grouping subjects together in schools, with interdisciplinary seminars and research groups.

European universities, however, still intend to serve the goal for which they were originally founded, the teaching of an elite rather than a provision of higher education on the American scale. Indeed, the reaction of university teachers in France to the increase in numbers has led the government to construct undergraduate science colleges and subuniversities to deal with all but the most outstanding students—who alone, in French eyes, are worth the professors' while. The Italian educational reforms have already introduced a three-tier system of degree awards, of which only the highest will engage the attention of the professorial body.

THE REAL DEBATE in Europe is over the content of university education, the methods to be employed, and the share of the national resources that education can legitimately claim. In the Middle Ages the universities grew out of the need to provide illiterate barons and monarchs with clerks, doctors, lawyers, and chroniclers. All that the reformers propose to do is to modernize their training, to solve what one French writer recently described as a crisis in the "spirit, content, and method" of academic education in Europe. Nothing was said about its aims.

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Fellini's 'Backward Walk'

RICHARD BIMONTE

SOMEONE—if it wasn't Oscar Levant, it should have been—once outlined the typical woman's movie: a suburban housewife commits adultery but, in the last reel, she forgives her husband. Federico Fellini successfully skirts this danger in his recently released *Juliet of the Spirits,* the saga of a mousy matron whose marriage is quietly coming apart. But he stumbles over practically every other chestnut endemic to the genre.

Suburban high life was never shown so glossy or colorful, never so richly textured or lovingly detailed as here. Mixed into all this affluence is a heady dose of dream materials, high-fashioned and Freudian as all getout, with an added dollop of existential malaise to underscore the universality of it all. As any reader of Dr. Rose Franzblau's column could tell, constant emphasis on horses is pretty sexy stuff, symbolically speaking. Symbols proliferate, but not as fast as the clichés. For an opener, we have Juliet's husband forgetting their anniversary: she puts up a brave front so their crowd won't catch on, and toward the end of the film, fighting back her tears, she serves him a little snack just as if it were an evening like any other, when all the while she knows, he knows, and, above all, *you* know he's about to pull out of her life, probably forever.

True, there is a continual sense that these banalities are intentional, even deliberately misleading. The corn is there to be transformed—if not totally transcended—by interaction with the dream imagery. Instead, it overwhelms and finally reduces the imagery to irrelevance. Worse, you are never convinced, given Juliet's character and background, that the spirits really emanate from her: they seem—despite the ingenious imagery and dazzling camera work, or perhaps because of it—a directorial appendage.

The basic structure of this film has to do with what Fellini has called "the backward walk," a phrase that suggests the change in his cinematic approach foreshadowed in *La Dolce Vita* but for the first time fully developed in *8½*. There, he stepped completely inside his main character and worked his way back into the world. In earlier films, his method had been just the reverse. Drawing on experiences as illustrator, clown, and journalist—all of which he had been before turning to films—he projected inner states and poetic intuitions by controlled depiction of surfaces carefully detailed and evocative in their sequence, tempo, angle, shading, or movement. The lifelike but often loose neo-realistic method inherited from Rossellini and de Sica, thereby disciplined to accommodate more sophisticated psychological revelations, was invested with a stronger sense of what makes the human comedy human.

DRAMATIC clichés were there, too: often the most obvious sort. When Cabiria, in the film of the same name, chin up and smiling, walks through the darkening wood after having suffered the latest and worst in a long string of personal disasters personally courted, the very falsity of the cliché is what rings true. The lingering close-up and bittersweet melody transcend surface sentimentality, illumined as they are by all that has gone before. A poetic element ennobles but does not soften the gritty surface realities. Here Fellini took what is perhaps the stalest of stock characters, the whore with the heart of gold, and with almost Chaplinesque simplicity projected it into an archetype of the perennial patsy.

This earlier method of working outside in, as it were, is what enabled Fellini more and more to favor camera work over histrionics, freer movement and invention over the rigidities of fixed script and dialogue, and, even, faces over actors. The young girl on the beach in *La Dolce Vita* with her Botticelli air doesn't need to say or do much of anything. Spelling it out would, in fact, mar the suggested mystery of (for want of a better term) life as yet untouched by life.

The "backward walk"—begun in earnest with *8½*—had for its hero a middle-aged movie director. Upon reaching that dangerous limbo between projects, he suddenly finds himself unaccountably and aimlessly floundering. Up to that point, his inner tensions, represented by a horde of phantoms and childhood fancies that filled his dream and daylight worlds, had been—unlike Juliet's spirits, who alienate her from life—the source of his strength as an artist and his sanity as a man. Suddenly it all goes sour, as does Juliet's false refuge of a marriage that has cushioned her from the shocks and delights of living. For both characters, the threatened headlong tumble into an alienated middle age presages a deeply disquieting death in life. Both director and housewife must in some way exorcise the spirits stirring within them. In psychic excursions such as these, Fellini says, he is attempting to suggest "the process of individual liberation . . . to trace one's steps to see where certain dents, certain illnesses started, where the psychological cancers were formed." "The backward walk" to childhood innocence shows man how "to accept and love life . . . without idealizing it . . ."; such preconceptions "can be extremely dangerous for our mental health."

8½ was a brilliant Dantean journey into the hell and heaven of a character's own making, a passionate and outrageously self-indulgent psychodrama spilling over with puckishness and poetry, truth and wit, through which Fellini's hero, holding the mirror up to his inner demons, learns to redefine them, not to get rid of them completely.

IN WORKING OUT problems with husband and hallucinations, Juliet is not quite so fortunate. Nor is Fellini's other Juliet—his wife, Giulietta Masina—who portrays the title role here, as she did in *Cabiria.* That Harry Langdon look of hers, the sweet and lost air, the store of bemused grimaces and small, telling

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gestures—nothing is enough to breathe life into that plain-Jane, childless heroine whose double misfortune it is to have a formidable mother resembling Zsa Zsa Gabor and a sleek, self-absorbed husband who never gets into her bed without earplugs and eyeshade, with his arms wrapped snugly around his own adorable self.

In *8½* it was as logical for the film director's spirits to be campy and "show biz" as it was for his hallucinations to have a choreographed, stage-set quality. But this sort of self-consciously staged dream world is not for the likes of Juliet. Her main hang-up centers on a spiritual-sexual confusion which so severely inhibits her that she collapses at the prospect of any real contact with life, as when she flees from a youth whom she meets at a neighborhood orgy. Terrified by her own mixed feelings, in which he seems the personification of Christ, son, lover, and her own lost childhood, she dashes out of the overripe yellow bedroom with duplex swimming pool and, rushing back to her marriage dollhouse, retreats to the spirits of her private world.

But the memories she conjures up —such as the one of a school play in which she portrays a saint about to be incinerated—are all too pat, too neatly and knowingly arranged. They have a "produced" look that has no basis or counterpart in Juliet's artless external character. The ambivalent humor that so enriched *8½* is almost totally absent here. There are a few touches: Juliet's flighty lady friend undergoes a quasi-religious experience of life when she notices Real Dew on the lawn; an oily private eye quotes St. Augustine and lectures Juliet on illusion and reality while running off films, slides, and tapes documenting her husband's indiscretions; the kept woman next door is full of homey aphorisms such as "It's not easy, being a fetishist." But these small touches come to little as Juliet wanders through a welter of Buddhas, séances, bullfighting, and other externally suggested solutions that leave her cold and unconnected.

Her ultimate salvation comes by way of garden-party psychodrama when a lady doctor points out how serene nature is, while Juliet is not. What she fears is not the loss of her husband but facing life without crutches and without the misconceptions that "endanger our mental health." With the help of the spirit of her dead grandfather, a real swinger who ran off with a circus bareback rider at a time of life when he should have been thinking of things like Social Security, Juliet is able to banish her spirits forever, including, finally, her own child image and Grandpa himself.

8½ does not add up to *9½*. The theatrics have dwindled here into a dubious therapy. Fellini is no longer portraying; he is prescribing. In this sense, his current backward walk represents a loss of ground. When in the final long shot, Juliet walks away from her house across the strikingly manicured landscape, one is supposed to assume that she has painfully won what the existentialists call "dreadful freedom." But, instead, stronger associations intrude of *Portia Faces Life.*

By What Possessed?

GERALD WEALES

"JEANNE DES ANGES," wrote Aldous Huxley in *The Devils of Loudun,* "was one of those unfortunate human beings who consistently invite the outward approach, the purely comic treatment." Whatever her pose—the pious nun, the woman possessed, the wonder-worker with St. Joseph's name written in the palm of her hand—and however sincere her momentary belief in that self, she retained the ability to look on, to know what she was doing. It is this quality that makes Sister Jeanne so fascinating a character, for a crafty hysteric is a great deal more interesting than a possessed woman who does not recognize her devils as her own.

All that we can do in the face of such a person is to observe and be amused or appalled by her actions and their consequences. Identification, empathy, a share in her suffering, is impossible. This reading of Sister Jeanne, so necessary to the theological and philosophic point that Huxley's book makes, is hardly a playwright's dream. It is possible to imagine a sardonic comedy, one as good and as complicated as Frank Wedekind's *The Marquis of Keith,* in which Sister Jeanne appeared as a self-deluding con woman, used by the world she thought she was using. Such a play would call for an unusual playwright, but the late John Whiting, when he set out to dramatize Huxley's book, turned out to be more conventional than his earlier plays would have suggested.

The Sister Jeanne of *The Devils* (now playing at the Broadway Theatre) asks for our sympathy. Audiences have been conditioned in this psychological age to understand that psychotic killers are suffering from a lack of love in childhood, so we know where we are when the good prioress walks the convent yard praying to God and the audience for a little attention. A hunchbacked child in a family of beautiful people, she hid herself in closets when she was young, in a convent when she got older. Her desire for love became the lust of night dreams and her attention centered on Father Grandier, a priest in Loudun, with a deserved reputation as a libertine. "And, as we all know," intones Grandier, in one of the commonplaces with which the play abounds, "with love comes hate."

It is a hop, skip, and jump (literally, since possession is displayed through acrobatics) from unrequited love to demonic possession, and before you can say "bell, book, and candle," Grandier is accused of being a magician and the anti-Grandier forces are hustling the bemused priest off to the stake. Sister Jeanne is left on stage alone as the play ends, whispering "Grandier! Grandier!" Presumably we are to feel the pain of her situation, the little girl who wanted love and inflicted

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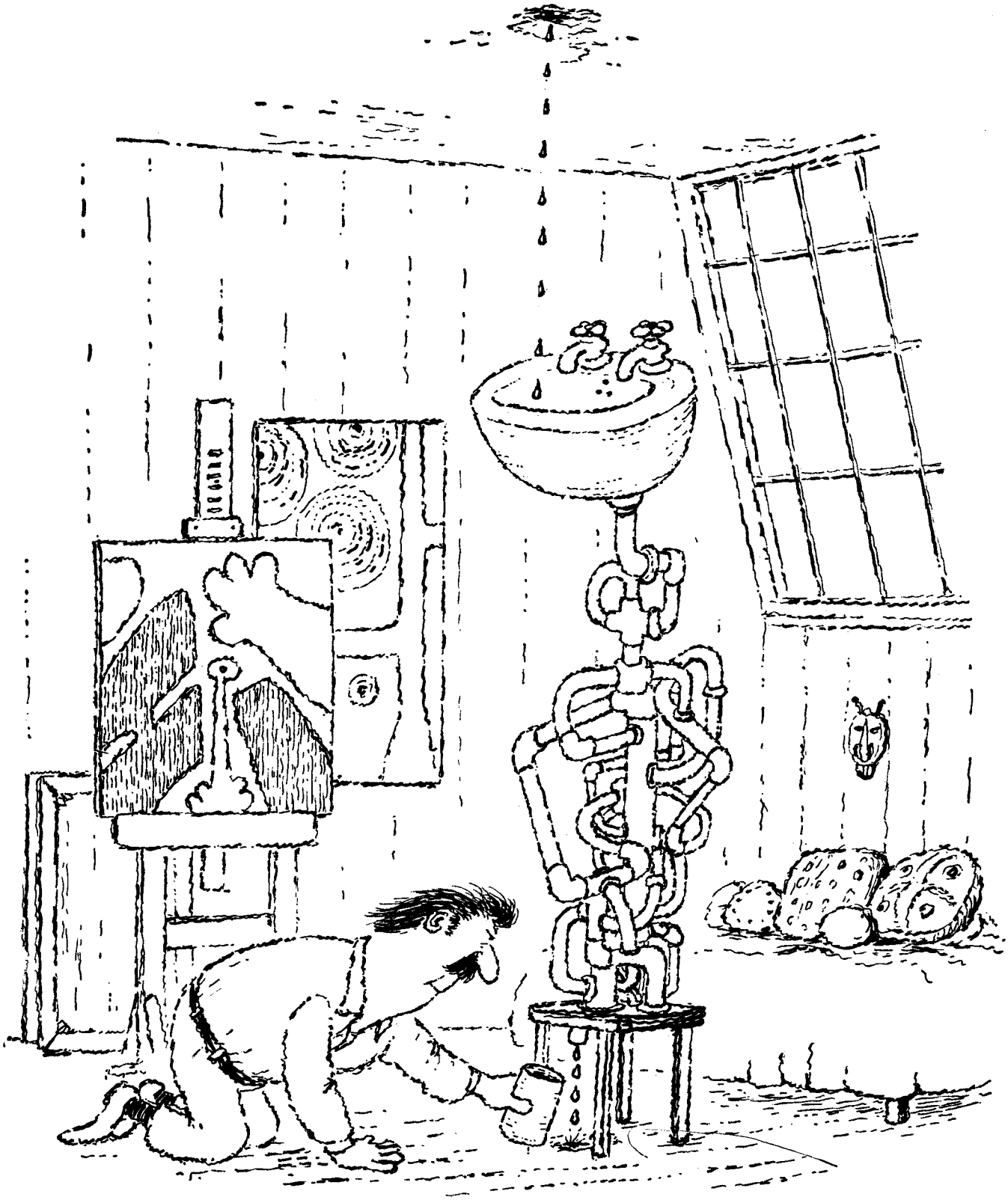

By Fernando Krahn

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death, who is forced to bear the forgiveness of the dying priest. This is a legitimate dramatic figure—although a great deal simpler than Huxley's Sister Jeanne—but even on its own terms the character fails.

THERE ARE two reasons why Sister Jeanne never receives the sympathy of the audience. One lies in the play itself, one in the performance. *The Devils* is not simply the story of Sister Jeanne and her possession; it is the story of Grandier and the multiple forces that conspire to kill him. For this reason, the play is a series of very short scenes, played first in one corner of the stage, then in another. Even the most dramatic scene (an exorcism or a torture) sounds a little like an announcement, an informational rather than an emotional moment. Somehow the whole play seems to be built out of scenes like the social-context conversations that Shakespeare uses to bridge important confrontations. Sometimes Sister Jeanne is involved in a scene that is supposed to tell us about her, as when she harps on her hump; at other times she plays a scene designed to show the foolishness of the superstitious clergy or the corruption of Richelieu. When Richelieu's agent, Laubardemont, demands and gets the proof of possession after the devils are supposed to have flown, the scene is perfectly clear as an indication of how Grandier's enemies are using the diabolic goings-on in the Ursuline convent. What the scene tells us about Sister Jeanne is much less clear. Does she recognize on which side her wafer is buttered and so fake possession to placate the political and spiritual powers? An easy prey to hysteria, does she get pushed back into possession by the suggestions of Father Mignon? Is it a combination of the two, as Huxley would suggest? Ambiguity can be a virtue in a play, but if Whiting means us to feel for Sister Jeanne, he would have to establish a character much more complicated than the unloved love-seeker that her first and last appearances suggest.

The problem with the performance lies not so much with Anne Bancroft and the other actresses but with the difficulty of putting possession on stage. I can see that the character of Sister Jeanne might attract an actress like Miss Bancroft, for it must be tempting to play a part that ranges from soft-spoken piety through writhing self-analysis to demonic vituperation. Unfortunately the scenes of possession and exorcism, which should be among the emotional high points of the play, are simply ludicrous. From the contemporary accounts quoted by Huxley, the exorcisms were a kind of show, a slapstick comedy to a great part of the audience who were amused with the contortions and the obscene gibberish. On stage, the obscenity has been cleaned up; the contortions, since the actresses are not acrobatic dancers, have been tamed down to nervous running and suggestive tossings of skirt tails. The staging does not help. In one of the big scenes, after the inevitable flapping and running, the sisters come to rest, their devils temporarily defeated, in two lines center stage with Sister Jeanne, the star, out in front, the standard placing of old-fashioned musicals. Group possession has been done effectively on stage, as in the first production of *The Crucible,* but *The Devils,* as Michael Cacoyannis has staged it, makes the whole thing seem a little foolish.

GRANDIER is even more of a problem. He is supposed to have an intellectual function in the play and, one assumes, an emotional identity as well. Huxley presents him as a man very much in the world of his time, sensual, witty, arrogant, political, who thinks himself invulnerable and who, faced with his vulnerability, falls back on his faith and dies with dignity. There is a third important character in Huxley's book, one of the exorcists, Father Surin, who is torn between his desire to approach God and his unconscious approach to God through the natural world. Whiting seems to have forced these two men into one character, whom he calls Grandier. Early in the play, a character describes the priest as he saw him walking in the garden: "He visibly breathed the air. He stopped to watch the peacocks. He fondled a rose as if it were the secret part of a woman. He laughed with the gardener's child." Later in the play, Grandier has a kind of vision in which he sees God in the fields, but for the most part he works against this approach to God, tries to find Love through love (his Tuesdays with the widow, his mock marriage to Phillipe), through courting death (his open opposition to Richelieu's agent), through self-abnegation (his prostrating himself before the bishop). In the end, acknowledging that his pain, like the pleasures of the past, is the sensual way of God, he dies, presumably having found the love/Love for which he looked. The difficulty here is that the events of Grandier's life have to be wrenched to fit a spiritual struggle that belongs to someone else, and the struggle itself seems to be edging into a kind of acceptance of the world and man, which Whiting may intend but which seems foreign to what the fire offers Grandier. I assume that the uncertainty lies in the fact that the complicated intellectual and theological convolutions of Huxley's book are obscured rather than clarified when they are forced into Whiting's procession of scenes. If Grandier's spiritual problem is not quite clear, his struggle with it is nonexistent. In this case the fault is as much Jason Robards's as it is Whiting's.

IF JEANNE'S spiritual-sexual problems become ludicrous and Grandier's remain stultifyingly dull, what chance is there for the social point of *The Devils,* the thing in the play that ought to have most meaning to a contemporary audience? Huxley insisted that the horror in Loudun grew out of the accidental convergence of a number of small passions, given form and meaning by the theological and scientific ideas still current in the early seventeenth century. When the devil is accepted as a fact, that fact can be used by anyone for any reason; he may even believe it when he uses it. Loudun, seen that way, becomes a warning to all of us to walk wary in the face of the political and social ideas that we accept as facts. Huxley quotes Montaigne: "After all, it is

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rating one's conjectures at a very high price to roast a man alive on the strength of them." Whiting goes for the same point, but there too he falters, in this case through too great explicitness.

Here we see all the forces working against Grandier: the social and sexual envy of the town surgeon and chemist, the ecclesiastical envy of the less fashionable churchmen, the superstitious foolishness of the country priests, the political determination of the Richelieu party, the anger of a woman scorned. Whiting cannot let the action speak for itself, however. He introduces the sewerman, a variation on the Common Man from Robert Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons,* to put the action into a more rational perspective, and he writes a show-them-up scene in which all the skeptical doubts about the Loudun possessions that sprinkle the pages of Huxley's book are piled on the shoulders of one character for one moment. Even more unhappy was Whiting's decision to show the relenting of characters involved in the attack on Grandier. Thus Laubardemont kneels and cries in the lap of the broken Grandier and then finishes the dirty business with a distraught look on his face. The historical fact that Laubardemont often cried while torturing his enemies is here beside the point. On stage, the action is the sentimental finale, the I-didn't-know-the-gun-was-loaded plea, and it makes a hash of the real horror of the Loudun business—that most of those involved were not conscious of doing anything unusual, let alone anything wrong.

ANYONE who has sat through *The Devils,* who has yawningly watched a ponderous production of a too discursive play, may wonder why it should not be dismissed out of hand. The material of the Huxley book is so fascinating and so important, however, that it deserves a first-rate play in a first-rate production. Some reviewers have taken the good intentions of everyone involved and transmuted them into gold. It should be said that the first transmutation was that of Whiting, of Cacoyannis, of Robards, and that for all their sincerity they turned gold into sounding brass.

Polyphemus Unbound

ROBERT M. COATES

WE HAD LEFT Palermo, and were on our way down-island, as New Englanders might put it, to Agrigento first, then on to Gela, Ragusa, Siracusa, and so to Catania and the Etna region.

Etna dominates the eastern part of the island, and in more ways than one. For one thing, it is a focal point in the popular belief—legend, really—that Sicily was the native haunt of the Cyclopes. The Cyclopes, of course, were those huge, one-eyed beings, relatives of the giant forerunners of the Olympian gods, the Titans. The most famous of them was the one named Polyphemus, who fell upon Ulysses and his crew in the course of their voyaging, imprisoned them in his cave alongshore, and would probably have eaten them at his leisure if Ulysses hadn't got him drunk with copious quantities of wine, blinded him, and then escaped.

Like King Kong, my own cinematic favorite among our contemporary mythological figures, the Cyclopes seem to have been variable in size. King Kong, in the course of the film by the same name, was at one moment short enough to fit, a bit snugly to be sure, under the proscenium arch of Carnegie Hall; large enough, a while before that episode, to do battle with brontosauri, pterodactyls, and other giants of the past; and so much bigger still at the end of the picture that, pinned down as he was atop the Empire State Building and under attack by the Army Air Force, he was able to snatch two or three of the pesky fighter planes out of the air as they roared past him, machine guns ablaze, and crush them, barehanded, like mosquitoes before finally, by sheer force of numbers, they shot him down.

SOMEWHAT similarly, a Cyclops, or Polyphemus anyway, was small enough to fit into an average-size cavern (at least, none of the caverns round about Etna are overly large) at the time of Ulysses' capture. Grown considerably after the escape, he was big and muscular enough to hurl a barrage of rocks after him, of such size that they look more like small islets as they lie, still to be seen, scattered along the coastline north of Catania. Shrunk to practically Lilliputian dimensions, other Cyclopes built walls—again still existent, though some spoilsports say these are of Etruscan origin—of random boulders often weighing close to a ton. Finally, as a sort of culmination—and serving too to bring us back to Etna—there's a legend that the whole island forms a kind of bedding-down place for the last and largest Cyclops of all, and the contours of the island merely outline his coverlet. Thus, his feet are at the sharp rise of Erice, the hills along the center define the shape of his body, while Etna serves as his breathing tube, or, shall we say, snorkel. It is his occasional restless stirrings that cause earth-

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quakes; when he gets really annoyed —eruptions.

In addition to this importance in legendry, Etna looms even larger in the geography of eastern Sicily. In the first place, to most visitors it is likely to seem larger than they had expected, for at close to eleven thousand feet of altitude it is really a sizable peak, even by Alpine standards; and it seems the more impressive both by reason of its relative isolation—none of the surrounding mountains on the island are anywhere near as high—and also because of its bulk.

Almost perfectly cone-shaped in its upper half, but a broadly based one and growing broader and more irregular-shaped as it descends, Etna *spreads*: spreads indeed to a circumference of over one hundred miles at its base, and the area it dominates physically is carried still farther by the ribboning rivers of lava, frozen now, but truly terrifying in their width and their depth, their blackness, and the sense of the cataclysmic power still latent in them.

Most of all, perhaps, they impress the spectator by their sheer reach. Pompeii lies about ten or twelve miles from the top of Vesuvius, if one counts the uneven terrain, and it was overwhelmed, as we have learned, not by lava but by storms of volcanic ash. But the dead rivers from Etna stretch for what are really incredible distances—for at least fifty to sixty miles, and quite possibly more, if one takes into account their windings and undulations. In fact, the outpourings have been so numerous and so huge that they unquestionably have *added* to the bulk of the mountain. Etna, more than most volcanoes, has a habit of breaching its surface at unpredictable spots on its sides at points below the main crater. There are more than two hundred of these subsidiary craters, and they in their turn have contributed to the ruggedness of the surrounding terrain.

The rivers of rock, though, are still rivers, as distinct from the land around them, in their mixed basaltic and tufa-like substance, as are the watery ones we know elsewhere, and there is a strange mingling of timelessness and of the catastrophic that seizes one as one sees them following their winding and at the eruptive moment unstoppable course down along the valleys and other undulations of the lower slopes. These rivers are the product of more recent eruptions, of 1928, for instance, and 1947 and 1950. The earlier ones have, of course, been weathered down and absorbed into the soil; it is they, in fact—and again, in a sense, in the fashion of real rivers—which make the sides of the valleys and gorges around so lush.

But their reach, and the sense of the irresistible about them, that is what impresses—that, and the curious fatalism, the acceptance of the inevitable, which one senses in the attitude of the inhabitants of the area. We had lunch, on our way up from Catania toward Taormina, at a town called Acireale. It is a coastal town, on the very perimeter of Etna's seaward base, and it was certainly a pleasant place. Later, having driven down to the beach, we ran into a covey of nuns on holiday. There is a needle of rock at one end of the beach, quite possibly one of those that Polyphemus hurled at Ulysses. It is just barely attached to the shore, and has a hewn path leading up to a belvedere and a small shrine near its summit: the nuns, as they always are on such infrequent ventures into the outer world, were as gay as schoolgirls, skipping up the path, skipping down it, all in a whirl of raiment, chatting, laughing, munching the inevitable *gelati*. . . . It made a charming picture indeed, against the blue sea and under the bright summer sun.

Slightly later still, as we were trying to make our way through the winding streets to the highway—and were finding that we had somehow wandered astray in the process—we became involved in another cheerful little episode. Italian women, especially the Sicilians, are accustomed to defer to the men, on the surface at any rate. The power they wield within the family is considerable, but this is all decorously concealed; in public, they must remain silent, modest, deferential.

The rules go by the board, though, when the women are by themselves, and this was the case in the region where we stopped, lost, at Acireale. It was Sunday afternoon. The men, naturally, were uptown at some *caffè* or other. The women had the whole neighborhood to themselves, and when we stopped, bemused, and asked a small group of them for directions, they seized on the occasion —the chance, that is, to be important—with much the same giggly, effervescent delight that the nuns had shown. Here we were, Americans, too! It was an event, and they made the most of it. The original group we had accosted swarmed around the car; others came running, and eventually we were not *told* how to get back to the main road; we were escorted there, a couple of the ladies running ahead of us, a few more running alongside, and the rest following and shouting encouragement—altogether a delightfully warm and friendly style of departure.

What I started to say, though, was that in the course of a casual conversation with the waiter at lunchtime, we learned that Acireale, in the course of its history, has been visited no less than seven times by lava streams from Etna. A little farther north of Acireale, near a town called Giarre, we came upon a spot where a torrent of lava, probably from the 1950 eruption, had swept across the highway, and though the road had long since been reopened, the sections of the stream on either side had been left pretty much untouched.

We pulled the car off the road and got out to investigate. The stream, or that part of it, was about forty feet wide and fifteen high, and it alternated, in definite segmentations, between a kind of porous, spongy-looking stone, soot-black, and smaller patches of basaltic rock, black too, but flinty, glittering, and ominous. Looking back up the valley, one could follow the winding course of the stream as it had descended, branching off too into other streams, from the crater above.

There are many metaphors and figures of speech that present themselves when one is confronted with a bed of lava like this one, none of them fully descriptive. There is for one thing a curious atmosphere of laziness about them, born perhaps of their present quiescence as they lie, undulant and black, snakelike, along the green hillside. They look

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treacherous, and despite their quietness now there is an immense sense, still latent, of their destructiveness and power.

But the most impressive thing about them is—as I have already said—their great reach. The spot where we stood, outside Giarre, is a good forty miles from the summit of Etna, and the stream we were looking at was only one of many, all from the same eruption. I found myself truly awestruck at this evidence of the sheer immensity of the Earth itself, to be able to spew forth such enormous quantities of material (the total of Etna has been estimated to be in the tens of billions of cubic feet) without the mountain and the regions around it collapsing.

In situations like this, I have a simple-minded tendency to fall back on simple comparisons, and in this case I found myself drawing on the fact that in New York, as in other cities, it requires no more than a break in a water main to cause whole sections of the pavement above the spot to collapse. Etna, with each eruption, actually grows! «»

An Instinct for Misanthropy

HENNIG COHEN

I CANNOT HELP but wonder what Washington Irving might have thought of the paintings based upon his fanciful history and tales of Dutch New York by a fellow townsman and contemporary, John Quidor. There is nothing to indicate that he knew Quidor, an eccentric artist who used Irving's sketches as a point of departure for fantasies of his own. I suspect that he would have been decidedly uneasy about, say, Quidor's "The Return of Rip Van Winkle." Quidor was not a success—he earned his living painting signs and decorative panels for fire engines—and he was obscure, but he was not all *that* obscure. The record may be blank because the genial Irving felt the less said, the better.

What would have disturbed Irving and what excites particular interest in the Quidor exhibition currently at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York is the artist's remarkable faithfulness to Irving's text while at the same time he follows his own dark vision. Quidor does not merely embellish the text as F. O. C. Darley did in a sprightly way for so many of Irving's books: he had something of his own to say. He was a "literary painter," not an illustrator. Seventeen of the twenty pictures in the current show are interpretations of literary subjects: fifteen from Irving, one each from Cooper and Cervantes. The other three are a woodland scene of "the young artist" at work, a version of the Marys with an angel at the empty tomb, and a genre piece of a group before a country inn. Only thirty of Quidor's paintings have been located and they are all of the storytelling sort.

IRVING'S RIP RETURNS to the village after his twenty-year sleep a befuddled old man who cries out pathetically: "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no, that's somebody else got into my shoes . . . everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!" At which the villagers "wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads." The implications are bitter and powerful, but Irving smothers them in his soft comedy. Not so Quidor. "The Return of Rip Van Winkle," painted in 1829, shows a robust giant of an old man standing squarely in the center of the picture with a grotesque mob of villagers behind him and before him a carefully dressed, peevish petty official of some kind. He is grappling more with himself than with the crowd at his back or with the official. He is virtually a Lear crying out, "Let me not be mad," or a Lazarus come back from the dead bearing a tale that cannot be told. Leaning against a tree in an oddly mannered fashion, with a pastoral vista behind him, is young Rip, a mildly amused onlooker at his father's plight. The paint is laid on in rich browns and light greens, with occasional spots of satiny color in the sheen of the villagers' clothing—only the two Rips are in drab tatters. A heavy glaze imparts a golden tone to the entire picture. The figures are crowded and pushed slightly forward by an ancient tavern and a house with crow-step gables behind them. A swarthy man with a pipe, a crouching beldam with a stick, a goblin of a child with a crossbow, a snarling dog, a jagged branch at Rip's feet, and most of all Rip's towering presence clash with the quaint setting and its golden light and turn it into a mad scene.

On the surface at least, "Rip Van Winkle at Nicholas Vedder's Tavern," painted in 1839, is more placid and genial, closer to the spirit of Irving's story. Packed into the foreground is a group of burghers who smoke, doze, guzzle their beer, gossip, and tease the barmaid like so many Dutch boors at one of Teniers' inns. They are placed directly in front of the tavern, a flat mass that occupies two-thirds of the background. Its loose boards with their worn surfaces are picturesque, not hints of decay and corruption. To the right, framed by the corner of the tavern and a sturdy old tree, is a verdant landscape replete with thatched-roof cottage, grazing sheep, and a road winding toward the mountains in the hazy distance. All told, this is a green and pleasant sight. But leaning against the tree, his torso twisted in the same curious manner as that of Rip's son in the earlier painting and likewise detached from the group, is Rip Van Winkle as a young man.

His gun, taller than his slouching figure, is upright against the tree. Resting at his feet is a brute of a dog, its head pointed upward toward its master and its jaws slightly open to show its blood-red mouth. Rip's coloring is florid, his body heavy and powerful, his expression one of lumpish cunning. His body is turned away from the convivial burghers and his back is to the idyllic landscape. This is not Irving's lovable, irresponsible Rip who "would never refuse to assist a neighbor" but an outcast with an instinct for misanthropy.

Quidor's "Ichabod Crane Pursued by the Headless Horseman,"

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exhibited at the National Academy of Design in 1828, is a frenetic study in black and dark browns with eerie off-white highlights of a horse and rider stretched taut by their terror. "Ichabod Crane at a Ball at Van Tassel's Mansion," painted in 1855, shows the spindle-shanked Yankee schoolmaster cavorting with the full-bodied Katrina. She is balanced gracefully on her toes like a ballet dancer, a dainty morsel indeed but for the idiot grin on her homely face, while a fiendish Negro fiddles away in the reddish glare of blazing logs in the fireplace. Quidor did two paintings in 1856 based on "The Devil and Tom Walker"; obviously he relished the chance to depict the rot and blackness of the wilderness setting and the power of evil in the stocky body of the woodsman. In "A Battle Scene from Knickerbocker's History of New York" (1838), he transformed Irving's good-natured burlesque into a panorama of disarray. The surging melee breaks up into ugly little knots of men in no semblance of uniform or military order doing wild violence to each other with a variety of weapons. Gnarled roots and a blasted tree seem active participants in the fray. Overhead, illuminated by a flash of lightning, a flight of geese honks raucously. One of them has been shot and plunges toward the swirling mass below. "The Wall Street Gate" of 1833 portrays the return of Peter Stuyvesant from a battle. Preceded by a mounted trumpeter, he stumps along on his pegleg, to be hailed by a swarm of children carrying murderous-looking crossbows. Elves and hobgoblins peer from stunted shrubs in the foreground and a ghostly soldier whose body is semi-transparent stands by the gate. Such is the way in which Irving's dreams become Quidor's nightmare.

THE QUIDOR EXHIBITION was organized by the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute of Utica, and sponsored by the New York State Council on the Arts. The exhibition can be seen from December 19 to January 23 in Utica. It will be shown at the Rochester Memorial Art Gallery from February 6 to March 6 and at the Albany Institute of History and Art from March 20 to April 24. The catalogue is a good one.

BOOKS

The State of the Cities

C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.

THE CITY IS THE FRONTIER, by Charles Abrams. *Harper & Row. $6.50.*

NEW YORK CITY IN CRISIS, by the New York *Herald Tribune* Staff under the direction of Barry Gottehrer. *David McKay. $4.50. Pocket Books. $1.95.*

A CITY DESTROYING ITSELF, by Richard J. Whalen. *Morrow. $3.50.* Paperback. *$0.95.*

Since *The Exploding Metropolis* appeared seven years ago, the flow of books on urban problems has swelled into a torrent. Three of the latest titles display the complementary virtues of the expert vs. the journalist; and this time the expert, Charles Abrams, a world-renowned housing consultant and chairman of Columbia University's city planning department, clearly comes out best. Though its impact is blunted by some tediously elaborated housing data and financial statistics, *The City Is the Frontier* presents a deep-probing analysis of our urban ills and offers detailed solutions. The personal approach of crusading journalism may give Barry Gottehrer's *New York City in Crisis* and Richard J. Whalen's *A City Destroying Itself* more literary flavor, but not more substance.

In a nicely balanced synthesis, Abrams dispels much of the confusion surrounding urban renewal, the controversial program through which the Federal government absorbs the major costs of demolishing slums and planning the rebuilding of cleared sites normally sold to private developers. Attacks on urban renewal have been mounted from all sides. Some critics blame it for desultory relocation policies, others raise the old demand for pure laissez-faire in the rebuilding of our cities. After conceding their basic points and adding a few of his own, Abrams still urges continuance of urban renewal. Under the leadership of Housing and Home Finance Administrator Robert C. Weaver and Urban Renewal Commissioner William L. Slayton, the program has emerged from the torpor of the Eisenhower administration. Improved planning procedures and relocation policies for evicted slum dwellers have considerably brightened its prospects. The admittedly limited successes in rejuvenating cities like St. Louis, New Haven, Philadelphia, and Baltimore justify its continuance as the only

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practical alternative to abandoning the cities to the mystically benevolent operations of the "free" market, which, as Abrams demonstrates, is a monstrous myth.

THOSE who condemn urban renewal as an unwarranted Federal intrusion into the free market and a subsidy for the big cities are apt to ignore the Federal role as mortgage insurer and promoter of our white suburban reservations. From 1935 to 1950, the Federal government pursued an overtly racist housing policy. Following what was euphemistically known as the realtors' code of ethics, the Federal Housing Administration's official manuals cautioned against "infiltration of inharmonious racial and national groups." The FHA advocated zoning as an exclusionary device, a policy exploited by local governments today, and urged the use of an FHA-prepared racial covenant. Thus the Federal government promoted the exodus of whites from the big cities and, by largely ignoring the needs of Negroes who could neither afford the price nor satisfy the racial qualifications of residence in suburbia, abandoned them to the slums.

Despite the advent of a more civilized outlook in 1949, when Congress enacted the urban-renewal program, these policies have persisted. Urban renewal began as a technique for clearing slums. But as Abrams points out, the welfare of slum dwellers soon became secondary to the interests of the building industry and its financial institutions. While the public housing program lags far behind the housing needs of the poor, the real-estate lobby still manages to dictate its terms for governmental support of private profit-making enterprises at the Federal, state, and local level. Ludicrously generous depreciation formulas, enacted by the Republican Congress of 1954, give profitable real-estate ventures a tax-free ride. State-backed tax-exempt bonds finance construction of industrial plants, real-estate developments, and even ski lifts. Slumlords are favored by local tax-assessing policies and condemnation-pricing procedures. And yet, this October, the House of Representatives refused to appropriate money for the 1965 housing bill's modest $30-million rent-supplement provision, a belated Congressional concession to the need for direct rent subsidies for the poor. Apparently the congressmen can't bear to break the traditional business-welfare policy that Abrams calls "socialism for the rich, free enterprise for the poor."

To provide decent housing for the poor, Abrams urges more forceful action by the Federal government in breaking down state and local barriers to the housing of minorities in the suburbs. Through the newly created Department of Housing and Urban Development, the government could toughen the conditions of Federal aid—for example, by making it dependent on reasonable zoning ordinances. For instance, nearly half the vacant zoned land in the New York metropolitan area is reserved for lots of one acre or larger, which call for houses worth not less than $40,000. Such an exclusionary device not merely bars low- and middle-income families; it also promotes the reckless consumption of potential recreation space, boosts community service costs, and creates crazy-quilt travel patterns that spread traffic jams throughout the region and destroy the prospects for efficient mass transit.

ON THIS larger problem of controlling urban sprawl, Abrams warns that a basic inconsistency in our land policy dooms us to repeat the mistakes of the past. The urban-renewal program already exploits

the state's power of eminent domain, normally restricted to public works like highways. Yet for the vastly greater problem of developing the million acres urbanized each year in the United States, there is no such legislation. Instead of allowing government planners to play a part in shaping the urban environment, the job is left to the land speculators, highway engineers, and local zoning boards—the very people whose myopic views have created the present chaos. When the Johnson administration included in the 1965 housing bill a provision for loans to developers and states for the acquisition of planned new-town sites, the home-builders' and realtors' protests of Federal intrusion helped emasculate the proposal. Privately developed new towns would resemble the publicly developed ones that make the Stockholm metropolitan area, with its well-planned open space and coordinated suburban rapid transit, such a happy contrast to our disordered, traffic-plagued metropolises. Abrams calls this failure to promote new towns ". . . testimony to the manorial concepts and mystical barriers that keep us from building a better nation."

Abrams's doctrinaire New Dealer faith in the Federal government's power to set things right will doubtless jolt even some liberals. Yet there seems no other choice. Rural-dominated state legislatures have so sedulously ignored urban problems that their capacity for action is seriously in question. While the nation's lakes and rivers become vast cesspools and open sewers, while poisonous exhausts foul our urban air, the state governments do little or nothing to control the polluters. Only the belated Federal pollution-abatement programs offer any hope. And the states' record in housing, in conserving open space, and in revitalizing mass transit is little better. Reapportionment will help, but Federal action will still be needed.

AS THE major victim of the old Federal anti-urban policies decried by Charles Abrams, New York City is a worthy subject, but the perishable journalism of *New York City in Crisis,* based on a New York *Herald Tribune* series, and *A City Destroying Itself,* a lean twenty thou-

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sand words essentially reprinted from a *Fortune* article, offer an ounce of solution per ton of problem. Some of their attacks—particularly Gottehrer's criticisms of the New York City Housing Authority—display a heads-I-win, tails-you-lose approach that betrays no appreciation of the staggering dimensions of New York's problems. Can we reasonably expect a city exploited for its tax revenues and short-changed by both state and Federal governments to cope with the educational and social problems of a half million welfare recipients? Can any single city cope with half the nation's junkies? The challenge is unreasonable, and it is inequitably shared by state and Federal governments.

Still another criticism of these books is that they unwittingly help to portray crime as a New York problem when it is really a national problem. Actually, Los Angeles is the nation's perennial leader, with an over-all crime rate nearly double New York's. The murder rates in Atlanta and Dallas are double New York's; the rape rate in Los Angeles is almost three times New York's; Los Angeles' assault rate is nearly double.

I cite these facts not to minimize New York's seriously rising crime rate, which it shares with other big cities, but to put the situation in perspective. You can't measure a city's problems by the zeal of its journalists.

A Mouse In the Barn

MARCUS KLEIN

OF THE FARM, by John Updike. *Knopf. $3.95.*

To put it briefly, *Of the Farm* is a tale about a boy named Joey who loves his mother. At the moment of the action, Joey has extended one tremulous toe toward the abyss of early middle age. He has a wife. He also has an ex-wife. He has a job on Madison Avenue. And he has a mother who has a farm. On a weekend of the early autumn of the year when small gnats mourn, Joey brings

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his new secondhand wife and his stepson home for a visit to his mother and her farm.

The farm is a symbol. Like his mother, it is a thing at once to be treasured and subdued. On the one hand, Joey's mother won't be here forever, and the farm which is her emblem is already mostly a place of dusty mementos. On the other hand, a good portion of this elegant little conceit of a novel is given to Joey's riding up and down upon the farm with his brutal tractor, mowing, while wearing the pants of his dead father.

The pastoral verities haunt Joey. Mothers tend to be surrogate wives. Add to the conception, as the novel does, the fact that wives tend to be mothers, and here at last, one might say, is a dirty book, here is a book which *dives!* But the chancy thrust into the abyss, whether of the eternal feminine or of anything else, is of course not John Updike's style, and what is to be said about *Of the Farm* is that it discreetly inhabits neither the country nor the city but the exquisite place in between. In this place nightingales murmur implications of man's losses, and sadness is a husband's substitute for adventure. *Of the Farm* beckons dangers, but all dangers are muted in the wry lyricism which is Updike's note. The novel evokes hearty challenges to the spirit—its theme, after all, is incest—and bemuses them with song. Updike composes beautiful farmscapes; the real gardens contain imaginary toads.

In this novel, as in the three before it, sadness is verisimilitude. Updike, as novelist, does not write stories. Stories give way to the charge of character, and they breed their own fatalities. That's where the action is. Action for Updike when he is at his best—and he is seldom not at his best—is a rhythmical series of intersecting tableaux. Everything and everybody is perceived to be radiant with meanings and glowing with universals, and so nothing has to have movement of its own.

THE MATERIALS upon which Updike practices are inherently pathetic: dying old men or, what is the same thing, sensitive boys set before a prospect of age and death. Given the materials, all dynamic insistencies are canceled at the beginning, or there is need only for an occasional twitch or two to remind one that the pathos is continuous. In *The Poorhouse Fair,* which was perhaps the most fully realized of Updike's novels because it was the least ambitious, the subject was a number of old geezers in a poorhouse; in *Rabbit, Run,* the subject was an athlete who did not manage to die young; in *The Centaur* it was a young boy confronting the death of his father; and in each instance the novel's procedure was an arrangement of the pathetic evocations. In *Of the Farm,* Updike gazes luminously on the mystery of womb and tomb. The mystery is thrice repeated, with differences of highlight, in the portraits of the three women in Joey's life. At the end the portraits dissolve into each other, and Updike retires.

No need to knock pathos. If Updike does not write novels, he might be writing little elegies. He pretends to more, however. The counterfeiting is merely most conspicuous in his use, as in *The Centaur,* of myth for varnish. Religion has the same function, emphatically in *Rabbit, Run,* and to a degree in *Of the Farm.* Antiquity at every other turn is invoked to elevate pathos into the human condition, if not entirely to confer presence on what might not otherwise exist. But in fact Updike's basic practice as a novelist is a pretension to high seriousness. In that practice, the harmony of the composition has priority over all other possibilities, and the constant implication is of great conflict somehow holistically resolved. Updike seems to be one of the few novelists of this time in this country who know how to bring a novel to an end. The secret of his virtuosity is in the fact that his novels start to end before they begin, and they will not be distracted from the beautiful curve of their resolutions by impertinent actualities.

In *Of the Farm,* Updike's practice is a little less deft than in the previous novels, and so one can see it plain. There is very little appliqué of myth; there is consequently a constant reaching out for confirming correspondences—Joey no sooner sees than he begins to associate:

". . . my mother led us into the

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The University of Michigan Press
Ann Arbor

house. Since my first return from college nearly twenty years ago, my homecomings had tapered to the moment that now again was upon me; my feet touched the abrasive sandstone sill of our back porch while the dogs with joyful savagery yapped in the pen next to the crippled privet bush once gored by a runaway bull that my grandmother had tamed with an apron. It had happened. . . ." Joey no sooner has his attention solicited by anything than he begins to associate. While making love to his wife: ". . . entered, she yields a variety of landscapes, seeming now a snowy rolling perspective of bursting cotton bolls seen through the Negro arabesques of a fancywork wrought-iron balcony; now a taut vista of mesas dreaming . . . ," etc.

The thinness is made thick here and there by a rhetoric of misplaced modifiers ("Peggy was wearing, the straps a little awry on her shoulders, a loose orange nightie. . . .") and then again by invocatory stutterings ("Her hands, her hands are slightly large. . . ." "My eyes, my eyes absorbed me. . . ."). Where characters in Updike's novels previously have suffered redundancy of definition, in *Of the Farm* they yield to vertiginous transitions. Mother is, in swift alternation, whining, insulting, perky, hysterical, devilish, and motherly. It looks like complication. In the place of high antiquity there are mementos of a boy's past scattered about the farmhouse; in a lovely moment of pop nostalgia Joey discovers his old anthology of science fiction: "the fat faded collection Doubleday had printed in the Forties was preserved: a miracle."

THE PROSE is shot through with self-protective irony and, what is more cloying, self-protective candor. And yet, under the patina, beneath the verdigris of melancholy, the prose does discover something small, immutable, and authentic; not a toad, but anyway a mouse. Prior, as it were, to the composition, there is a fine tenderness. *Of the Farm* is not so good as *The Centaur*, which despite everything managed a touching portrait of a boy and his father. Nevertheless, *Of the Farm* does not quite suffocate the elegiac sigh with which it begins.

Family Album

DONALD A. ALLAN

THE ITALIANS: FACE OF A NATION. **Text and pictures by John Phillips.** *McGraw-Hill. $7.95.*

When an admiring friend called Gio Ponti "a Renaissance man," the Milanese architect demurred, saying, "I am an Italian of today." The exchange, quoted in John Phillips's handsome family album of fifty-six sons and thirteen daughters of Italy, is apt. The postwar decades have been a period of rebirth for Italy, and in this sense today's Italians are all renaissance men. Mr. Phillips reinforces this impression by his choice of subjects. All but a dozen or so are *doers*—industrialists, artists, designers, teachers, movie people—and their names are internationally renowned.

Local color is supplied by a few humble people, rather condescendingly indexed as "Ida, *the maid*," "Ferruccio, *the house painter*," and so on. As it turns out, however, the famous people have the most characterful faces. And it is the faces that make this a fascinating book, even though it is not so much the face of a nation as a photographic Who's Who in Northern Italy.

Mr. Phillips has avoided the cliché of collecting anonymous stereotypes. His subjects are complex individuals and their portraits are staged to tell a great deal with an artful economy that makes the brief accompanying text almost superfluous. Michelangelo Antonioni (*the director*) is alienated in an empty street; the condottieri spirit is etched in the profiles of the three Visconti brothers (*the noblemen*); splenetic crankiness drips from the glance of Indro Montanelli (*the journalist*).

Just as the busts of Roman senators uniformly look like American executives, Mr. Phillips's Italians do not all look the part: Nervi could be an Irish undertaker; Marino Marini looks like Khrushchev's cousin. Nevertheless, Mr. Phillips has caught in the expressions of all his interesting cast a shared national quality: a birdlike alertness and sardonic humor that is peculiarly Italian.

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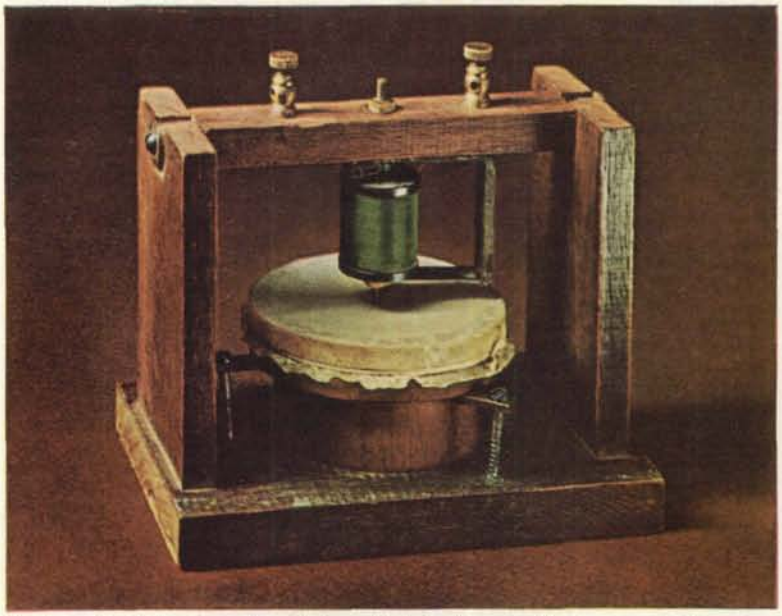

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